The Bystander, November 26, 1919. No. 834. Vol. LXIV.

The BYSTANDER

THAT "ALL-EMBRACING" LEAGUE!

UNCLE SAM: "Say, Woodrow, what did I tell you about 'Entangling Alliances.' Why don't yer drop the darned thing?"

BY WILMOT LUNT

ENTERTAINMENTS

EMPIRE. Gerr. 3527.
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Serge Diaghileff's Season of
RUSSIAN BALLETS
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(REVUE starts at 2.50 p.m. and 8.50 p.m.)
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ALBERT DE COURVILLE'S 9TH HIPPODROME REVUE.
SHIRLEY KELLOGG, GEORGE ROBEY, Etc.

PALLADIUM. OXFORD CIRCUS, W.
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2.30 6.0 8.45
Programme commencing Monday, November 24.
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"WHO'S HOOPER?"
W. H. BERRY, Marjorie Gordon, Cicely Debenham, Robert Michaelis.
Evenings at 8. Mats., Wed. and Sat., at 2.

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Mats. Wed., Thurs., Sat. at 2.15.
"EASTWARD HO."
Violet Loraine. Ralph Lynn.

COURT. MAURICE MOSCOVITCH in
"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE"
MARY GREY as PORTIA.
Every Evening at 8. MATINÉES, WED. and SAT. at 2.

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THE GEORGE EDWARDES Production.
(Under the direction of ROBERT EVETT).
Lauri de Frece, Mark Lester, Bertram Wallis, Thorpe Bates, Pop Cory, Faith Bevan, Marjorie Hume and JOSÉ COLLINS.
NIGHTLY at 8. MATINÉES, TUES. & SATS. at 2.

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in a New Musical Comedy
"THE GIRL FOR THE BOY."
EVERY EVENING at 8.15. MATINÉES, THURS. & SAT., at 2.30.

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Signature of holder.....

Bystander Comments

Bill Gawber Orates

I OCCASIONALLY discover Bill in the grasp of print, sometimes the *Police Gazette*, sometimes the *Athenæum*. He never misses THE BYSTANDER, and generally perspires freely over my renderings of his views. But I did not expect his latest. He was poring over the *Tailor and Cutter*. "Bill!" I whispered, "what's this? Are you going to be a dandy? to knock 'em in the Old Kent Road with one gleam of your new green choker?"

"Well, no, that ain't it exactly," he muttered. "Only . . . Mrs. Gawber 'as bin passin' remarks. Wants ter know where I got that 'at. And all that. Yer knows 'ow wimmin talks, Clarence. I arsked a bloke as sold moters at the Olympier if 'e could find me a brake for Mrs. Gawber. Ow! 'e sez. No, 'e sez. I'm married meself, 'e sez. Which (purple) well don't 'elp me. So I bin thinkin' of a new set o' slops. An' seein' as Kellaway sez 'e 'as eleven million yards o' cloth ter sell, I'm lookin' up the (fiery) styles. But I'm worritted, Clarence, (gorily) worritted. This vicuna o' Kellaway's . . . is it tony? or 'anti-gas' . . . 300,000 yards of it . . . will it keep Mrs. Gawber orf it? But reelly I 'as a fency fer mohair seal-brown. I dunno wot it is, but I fencies it."

Clothes and the Woman

"THEN have it. Have a little bit of what you fancy, as Marie Lloyd says. But, no! I'd give that mohair a miss. You'd look like a teddy bear. What about Greatcoat Russian? or Portuguese grey?"

"Ter (Berlin) with the (pink) aliens!"

"Well, there's D.M. mixture, not to be taken. Or tartan! Bill, Highland tartan legs, can't you see yourself in the McHaggis tartan? Young Tom could play draughts on it."

He did not explode. The spirit had gone out of him. "You give me the sick," he remarked mechanically, "yer as bad as Mrs. Gawber. She sez if I'd ony soap the places where I shows through I'd be more poperlar. Wimmin! Cripes! They didn't need no (scorched) serpent in the garding of Eden. Eve could 'and out the snake dope on 'er own, as me lodger used ter sye, as was a Yank. Clarence, there ain't no gittin' away from wimmin. During the War we gave the (cows) an inch an' now they give us the 'ell. Can't get rid of the (regrettables). They won't even git orf the land. You'd a thought they'd 'ad enough o' that, eh! but, no! They gits up a National Association of Landwomen ter 'old on ter the land an' do men outer their jobs. Clarence, I ain't the man I was. I'll 'ave to join the idle rich.

Sacrifice?

"AN' when I does join the (smoking) idle rich, I . . . I shan't 'and over me money to Lloyd George ter 'ire 'otels with. No (crimson) fear! I ain't the Mr. F. S. T. sort of mug."

"F. S. T.?"

"Yes, 'aven't yer seen as a anomynous cove called F.S.T. 'as bunged a hundred and fifty thousand quid inter Lloyd George . . . an' wot for! 'As 'is share o' the cost o' the War! fer nothin', fer love! Oh, my!"

"But don't you think it's a noble example to us all? Don't you feel inclined to take out five pounds from the Savings Bank, and . . ."

"Ar!" replied Bill, viciously, "'ow much 'ave you put inter the 'at?"

"Don't be personal."

He bellowed. "Ar! yer does me good, Clarence. Well, when yer shows yer (devastated) anomynous receipt fer a tanner . . . I'll double it. But as fer Mr. F. S. T,. I sez ter 'im, I sez, thanks fer yer (scarlet) example, I sez, an' many more of 'em. Virtue is its own reward, I sez, but I ain't ambitious."

"THE TRYST" OR "BETTER LATE THAN NEVER"
By FRED BUCHANAN

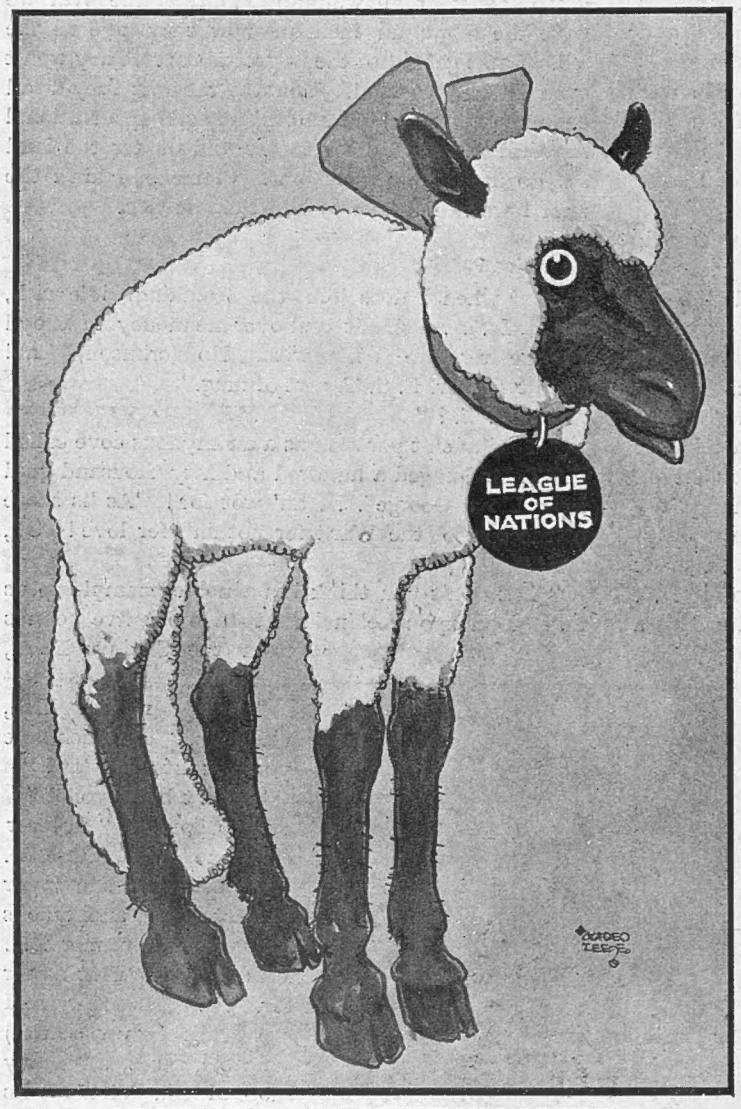
A Foolish Supposition

THE suggestion, out of which so much capital has been made, that the unfortunate Mrs. Steane was a daughter of the late Archduke Rudolph and the Baroness Vetsera, is simply foolish. To put the matter quite plainly, that disastrous *liaison*, which brought about the deaths

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

of the Archduke and the Baroness, did not last long enough to permit of a child being born.

It is surprising what rubbish is printed, and because it is printed, believed. We have been told, in all seriousness, that this poor woman's son is heir to a throne—Austria hinted in the background. But even if you grant what isn't true, and admit that Mrs. Steane was a daughter of the Archduke Rudolph, she could only have been an illegitimate daughter—and it's as plain as the failure of the coal strike that if you are the child of an illegitimate child you can't succeed to anything, whether it is a throne or a bath-chair.



"I WONDER IF I SHALL EVER BECOME MUTTON!"
By Alfred Leete

A Thirty-Year-Old Tragedy

But all the same, it is odd how the Mayerling tragedy is dragged out of its thirty-year-old grave again and again. A beautiful young woman, happily married, poisons herself in Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, and, hey winks! there are columns in all the newspapers about an affair which was the beginning of a whole series of tragedies in the Hapsburg family.

The truth of the Mayerling business has never been told, and it can't be told because it isn't printable.

My wise children, you can take it from me that all the old stories, all the revived stories about it, with additions, are untrue—all are based on the necessary camouflage of that awful moment thirty years ago when the Archduke and the Baroness Vetsera were found shot.

The Truth

Both were shot, and the Archduke used the pistol that ended their lives. The stories of his skull being broken by a champagne bottle, and the Baroness being shot in order to remove a witness of the crime, are inventions. Prince Philip of Coburg was one of the guests at Mayerling. Years ago I heard the story from an intimate friend of Prince Philip, a story that I believe the Archduke's father, the old Emperor Francis Joseph, never heard.

I can only tell you that the Baroness Vetsera was directly responsible for her own murder and the Archduke's suicide, no matter what Mrs. ffoulkes and the Comtesse Larisch may say.

A Reg'ler Thirst

The excuses and palliations brought forward in bigamy cases are monumental in their ingenuity, but I think this one from the North of England will take a prodigious lot of beating. A girl was had up for a triple bigamy—surely oughtn't it to be called trigamy when it's three? Her mother was called for the defence, but all she could say in explanation was, "She can't help it, my lord. She's got a reg'ler thirst for 'aving the words spoke over 'er!"

Not a Wedding Garment

I don't think I should have liked to have been the man who went to Lady Londonderry's political party last week in a lounge suit. He didn't look over happy, and he would have looked more unhappy still if he had known that most people took him for a detective. It always puzzles me why people do such things. What is the angle from which they look on life? I'll bet you anything that man couldn't go to a subscription dance in his own local town hall unless he wore the conventional garments for the evening. If he didn't own them, he would stop away.

Is It Really Vanity?

Myself, I believe it is a form of vanity, which has its expression likewise in the refusal by some of the new mayors to wear the robes of office and use the mace. Vanity, we know, was divorced from civility in the far-away times. But, however vain one may be of being elected to Parliament or to a municipal council, one should always remember that civility is due to a lady who asks you to her house. In this instance the opportunity for self-advertisement clearly outweighed every consideration of

(Continued on page 672)

Another Little Wizard Who Doesn't Like the Kremlin

(After the famous picture by Vereschagin of Napoleon at the Kremlin)

NAPOO-LEON BETTER-PARTE: "No, no-o! It wass not for us to put out other people's fi-res for them! Look you, we can't afford i-it—we moscow awa-ay!"

By E. T. REED

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

civility. In the result the advertisement was not of the kind evidently wished for—the gentleman was so seldom thought to be a guest.

A Word of Warning to the Fair-Bares

WOMEN are odd creatures, upon my word. They chained themselves to railings, burnt down houses, and played Old Harry generally to get the vote, and now they've got it seven-eighths of 'em strip themselves half-naked for the evening. Feminine psychology, too, is not of the surest. The majority of men don't like the "over-exposed" fashion of the moment.

The other evening I overheard two young men, recently returned from Russia, arranging a joint dinner-party they were going to give. One of them mentioned a girl's name. "Oh, we can't ask her," said the other immediately; "she's awfully jolly and nice, but she wears nearly nothing, and everybody would stare at us!"

Some people like being stared at, but the majority of the male kind hate it, and, since the barer the back the bigger the stare, let certain "over-exposed and under-developed" damsels add a frill in time lest the gaps in their dinner invitations get wider and wider.

All Out for Cuticle

LIKEWISE, let women remember that when a man falls upon his sister for a lavish display of shoulder-blade, a similar exhibition by his best girl, or his about-to-be best girl, does not rouse his respect, and you read in your *Times* or your *Morning Post*, "The marriage arranged between Mr. So-and-So and Miss This-and-That will not take place."

Believe me, my merry men and mirthful maidens, it *has* happened, and more than once, since the dress-makers have been "all out for cuticle," as they say in America.

Those Newspapers Again

ACCIDENTS happen, even in the best regulated newspaper offices. Did we not read last week in the account of the Dickens-Waley wedding in one journal that many in the congregation were "ascendants" of the great novelist? A friend sends me a cutting from his local newspaper of the celebration of a golden wedding in the neighbourhood. It is obvious that a whole sentence of a report of municipal doings has tailed itself on by some slip to the account of the celebration, but this is the result for the reader—"The venerable couple have had ten children and eighteen grandchildren. They now applied to the Council for authority to add to the number."

THAT POWDER-BARREL

PEACE: "It doesn't look as if I shall sit here much longer!"

W. E. WIGFULL

A Prinkiposer

SHALL we hold on? Shall we withdraw?
Shall it be "Yes"? or, bluntly, "No, sir!"
Alack-a-day, our men of straw
Can answer, but with hum and haw
This Prinkiposer. J. M. B.

This Week's "Graphic"

"THE NEW PARIS OF MY LADY," is the title of James Milne's third contribution on France, in the current *Graphic*. He claims that tea in Paris is not tea, either elegantly or properly, when Madame insists upon dipping her cake into her cup and then biting off the sodden part. There is much to interest women in the *Graphic*—an especially informing article being "Indian Women in the New Era," by Saint Nihil Singh.

An Apology

THE extraordinary number of orders for THE BYSTANDER Christmas Annual have necessitated a postponement of its issue for one week, and it has been decided to reprint *before* publication in order to give all purchasers an equal chance with this most popular of annuals. On page 736 of this issue it is announced that the Annual is now on sale. This announcement went to press before the postponement was decided upon.

The Dame of a Diplomat

Photograph *E. O Hoppé*

MRS. H. LLOYD-THOMAS

Of Tredilion Park, Abergavenny, Monmouth, whose husband, Mr. H. Lloyd-Thomas, has just left for Rome as Second Secretary to the British Embassy there

Doings of the Week

PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT

Inspects a guard of honour of blue-jackets on the occasion of his laying the foundation stone of the Dover Patrol Memorial.

LAYING A FOUNDATION STONE.

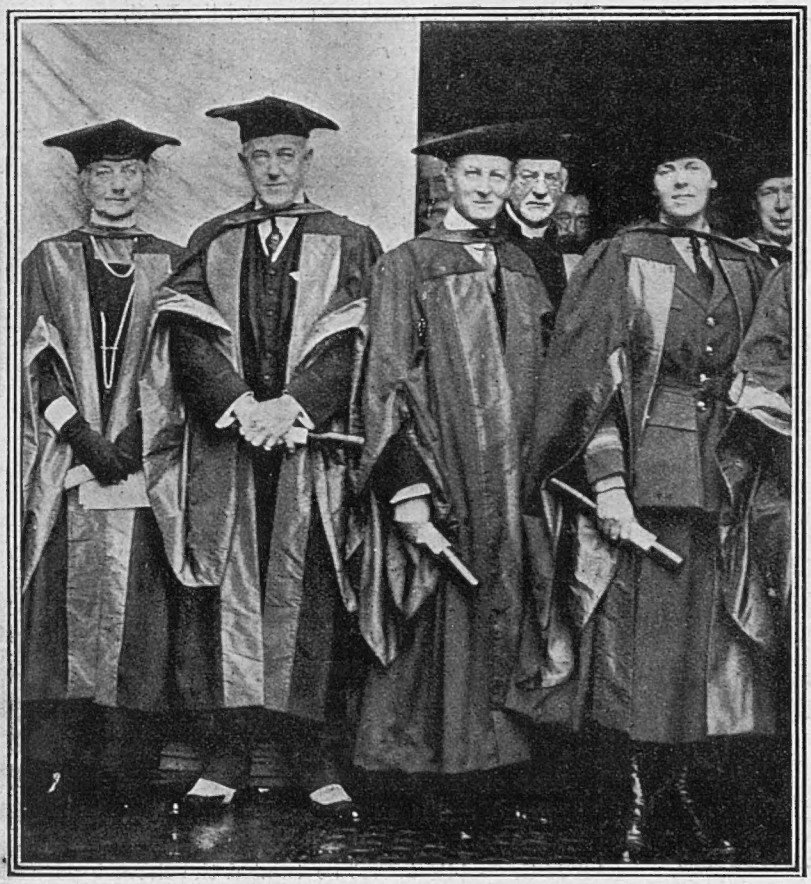
Prince Arthur of Connaught last week laid the Foundation Stone at Dover of the Dover Patrol Memorial.

THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND IN THE EAST END

With the Duke she last week attended at the East London Hospital for Children to unveil a tablet to Alderman J. D. Kiley, M.P. who has presented the "Kiley Cot" to the Hospital.

Caught by the Camera

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN WITH THE COUNTESS OF CARISBROOKE (on right)
In conversation with a rider in the Row.



GLASGOW UNIVERSITY BESTOWS MANY HONOURS
Upon ladies and gentlemen distinguished for war services. Recipients of honours here seen are (from left to right) Dowager Countess of Eglinton and Winton, Mr. Davies, American Ambassador, Sir Henry J. Newbolt, Commandant Dame Vaughan, C.B.E.

PRINCE JAIME OF SPAIN
Second son of the King and Queen of Spain on his arrival last week at Charing X. Queen Ena is seen on the right

POLITICS: Our Transport

BY "FITZWILLIAM"

We ought not once more to have to discuss transport. Has not a select committee sat for weeks to decide what should be done to unclot London? Have not a Minister of Transport and a staff been appointed? Is not all for the best? Those who spend half an hour in blocks between Clarges Street and the Haymarket do not think so. And now they are faced with a proposal of the L.C.C. to extend the trams, and to run them through the centre of London. I wonder what L stands for? London or lunacy? Perhaps it is not exactly lunacy leads the L.C.C. to trams, but partly habit, and partly the desire to maintain in being their repulsive and antiquated system.

⁂ ⁂

Most of London was built within the last century, in times when traffic was not considerable, when everybody had time to wait for the drays to roll by. That is finished, and to-day the result is chaos. Since we are setting up a Ministry of Transport, let us, who pay the Minister, tell him what Londoners want and especially what Londoners don't want. He finds a town still convinced that it is living in the days of Dr. Johnson, using horses, loading a hundredweight on a lorry that can carry a ton, *and therefore giving London a ton of block for a hundredweight of service*; a London which sends carts down the Strand because its fathers sent carts down the Strand, and that prefers to meander through Oxford Street and Piccadilly, rather than hasten along the Marylebone Road or through Westminster. Even the Tube improvements are bad, owing to the early jealousies of the companies. Take, for instance, the junction between the Central London and the Piccadilly Tube at Holborn station, which provides two journeys in lifts and a two hundred yards' walk in the wet. Or take the incredible co-existence of Trafalgar Square (Bakerloo) and Charing Cross Tube (Hampstead). More walking! More mess! Consider also the neglect of square miles in the north-west and south-west, where there is no Tube at all, with the result that business does not settle there; as it must settle somewhere it goes to the already crowded places.

⁂ ⁂

Well, traffic is to be controlled by the Minister of Transport. Good, but that is not enough. We have had some official control before in the shape of the police. We want something a little more sympathetic. To my mind it is not safe to rely wholly on the gospel of St. Eric. I would suggest that his dealings with London traffic should be assisted by a strong committee, comprising officials of the Ministry, of the Road Board, of the police, of the various companies, of the transport workers, trade unions, experts, and *an equal number of members of the public* elected by the season ticket holders, who would themselves select representatives of the omnibus users.

⁂ ⁂

You will say: "What do you want?" Well, first of all, we want less overground traffic. We want the power to say to a brewery: "You are rich enough to use motor lorries instead of drays. Your horses take up too much room." Secondly, we want the slow traffic to be expelled from the busy streets between 8.30 a.m. and 8.30 p.m. We want a policeman at Great Portland Street to have power to hold up a furniture van that is moving to Oxford Street and make it show its way-bill, to see if it needs to cumber Oxford Circus. Thirdly, we want every new tube or railway bill to be approved by the public committee before it is sent up to Parliament, so that the public may say: "The new scheme ignores that district which badly needs relief." Also, and this is most important, we want power to say to omnibus company A: "We don't care whether you're trying to kill Tube Company B; you must put your terminus opposite one of its stations. It mayn't suit you, but it suits Us, the Public." We want to bruise the head of the tram, and drive it underground, and if all this is not enough we want to be able to propose new tubes. If the public is not so treated the chaos will extend, and nationalisation will follow. It won't be the public's fault.

"AND THAT'S THAT!" By Fred Buchanan

Political Personalities in Caricature

IMPRESSIONS BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT THE HOUSE

BY A. H. D'EGVILLE

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE" *ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *November* 24, 1919

DEAR COUSIN—

As Mr. Selfridge would say, only one more month—then Christmas! And meantime we've had a devastating spell of the proper Pickwickian weather suitable to the period all right. Snow, ice, north-east winds, fogs, blizzards, etc. . . . With the usual accompaniments—flu', colds, coughs, shivers, shakes, and general all-round nastiness.

卐 卐

GOSH darn, as the attractive, tortoiseshell-bespectacled Catlett-man says in *Baby Bunting*, *how* I hate it! And how once again I wish what I wish *every* winter, but never when summer's here—that I was a Man. 卐 卐

OH, the snuggliness, the nestliness, the *lovely* stuffy woolliness of even the thinnest of men's things compared with the sleeky silky *silly* inadequacy of even the thickest of our's. . . . Oh, those closely buttoned waistcoats, those *layers* of sleeves, those solid, draught-proof undies, those double-breasted overcoats, those regular British-warms of socks they wear. . . . 卐 卐

BY night—no, then nothing on *earth* can warm us, except getting on the fireside of the dinner-table or staying in bed! More backless, sideless, sleeveless, and even frontless, than ever grow the new evening frocks, which, even when they've *got* tops to them, have the sort of top that's got room for *you* only underneath.

卐 卐

AND the new crino-lined effect about our skirts is a snare and a delusion really. For they, too, must stand, or, rather, billow, *alone*. Their fluffy puffiness may proceed from many causes. But amongst them must *not* be—that there are petticoats be-neath! Gosh-darn, we get our fashions from *all* quarters of the globe except the *only* one that's really suitable—why *doesn't* someone bring in Esquimaux styles now that our winters grow more and more Arctic?

"The new crinolined effect"

卐 卐

WHICH reminds me—of that very vexed question of Russia that's making the fur fly a bit between the P.M. and Winston, the War Secretary. "Now that we're all home again, Blanche," writes a late member of the N.R. Exped. Force, "may I give you a little picture of the peaceful side of that expedition?

卐 卐

"WAS it Mr. J. H. Thomas, the O.C. tear-ducts, who made a speech once about 'the blood of our brave lads poured out like water on the Russian plains,' or words to that effect? Alas! some mothers' sons do lie buried beneath Russian soil, but, after all, people *do* die, even in peacetime in England, and when you think of a no-man's-land of thirty miles or so with its gentle twenty-four hours' patrol, the Bolo shy as a hare—well, a quiet day on the old Western Front, you will readily understand, had far more fury than a Bolshie scorned.

卐 卐

"AND on detachment at Archangel, with more officers than there were men to command (due to the defection of some of our splendid, if rather new, Allies) in nice warm sunshine that often rendered tunics unnecessary—ah! *what* a paradise, my Blanche! I wish I was back sailing my (borrowed) yacht on the Dvina, if at times it *was* dirty and wet

"'Flu, colds, coughs, shivers . . . . . "

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded*)

and uncomfy in those 'trenches' where the fighting did rather remind one of the Italian battle-line.

卐 卐

"You remember that corps order that was sent round when things were rather dead in that quarter?

The barbed wire protecting the front line trenches is not to be used for hanging washing on. This practice must cease forthwith!"

卐 卐

An amusing War, wasn't it—in parts? And so's the Peace. Wherein extravagance unheard of and that most pitiful of poverty, the poverty of the once "comfortably" off, who must still "keep up appearances," go cheek by jowl. Wherein the War-profiteer pays thousands for his pictures and his houses and his motor-cars, and the War-derelicts, the ex-battle-fighters, write like this to the *Times* on Armistice Day—

I have to-day given two minutes praying for our dead and two hours regretting that I am not one of them. They "live" in a world where no bread is needed; I am condemned to "exist" in a land which threatens to starve me. Is it my fault if the Hun did not kill me?

卐 卐

"This is the sort of 'strong, silent' man we're just a bit tired of . . ."

If these are the letters of Peace, give me the letters of War—which were not so tragic as *that*, for all their tragedy. See, by the way, the French are contemplating making a permanent official collection of their soldiers' letters. What a wonderful human document, what a real history of the Great War it will be! I wish, as someone suggests, that *we* could make one, too.

卐 卐

Why, *I* could make a book out of them—of the letters to Blanche in War-time, alone. A book of laughter as well as tears, too, it would be; for that is how our wonderful soldier-men went to war, isn't it? *Such* gay and gallant crusaders, if they *did* write sometimes and say, "Oh, Blanche, can't you make some of them understand how awful it is out here?"

卐 卐

Only—well, the War's out of fashion here, of course. They say publishers literally *shudder* at the mere mention of a book that even *mentions* the poor old War. "Will someone tell Mr. Galsworthy there isn't a war on any more?" a critic asked after reading that celebrity's new book, *Saints' Progress*. And if even our most famous and accepted authors may not "drag in" war, not *much* chance, I suppose, in England now for the poor voices of mere battle-fighters, most of them long since silenced for ever in the awful din of war.

卐 卐

By the way, talking of soldiers, got into fearful trouble, Helen and I have, about or, rather, with the Welch Regiment. And the worst of it is, we're guilty—me of spelling Welch with an "s" and Helen of drawing one of them wearing that "flash" which is the exclusive property of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

卐 卐

Extraordinary it is, though, how few people ever exclaim how *right* one is, and what lots, what *crowds*, rush in with useful information whenever one makes a mistake. Not, of course, that one minds being corrected, not when it's done *nicely* like that Lieut., Welch Regiment, who concludes, "Don't be cross, Blanche, dear. Cheerio!"

卐 卐

But it's not swallowed quite so meekly when another of the same (who signs his name in Welch and so's, of course, anonymous, which *I* call rude) writes in cold and bitter scorn of "the unblushing ignorance" of us, Helen and me, and thinks we'd be better employed "knitting jumpers or mixing the Glaxo or something" than writing about and drawing "things we obviously know nothing about."

卐 卐

This is the sort of "strong, silent" man we're just a *bit* tired of, and who's a bit pre-War now, anyway. But, of course, we *do* apologise to the Welch Regiment—the nice ones in it, I mean. And we're *sorry* for them, too. I mean, so becoming, don't you think, if only it *had* been theirs—that old "flash" there's such a lot of chat about?

With love, yours ever,

Blanche

"The barbed wire protecting the front line trenches is not to be used for hanging washing on. This practice must cease forthwith"

An Early Profiteer

ONE OF THE FIRST GENTLEMEN TO BRING HOME TO HIS COMPATRIOTS THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

NO. V.—REGGIE ON THE MYSTERY MERCHANTS

MONOCLE MONOLOGUES

BY H. COLLINSON OWEN.

"In short, a perfect gentleman"

"IT'S remarkable, Reggie," I said, "how many people seem to be affected by the craze for spiritualism nowadays. It seems to me. . . ."

The Honourable Reggie stirred in the depths of his arm-chair.

"Remarkable, as you say, *mon ami*. But more than that, alarming. Every vote given for the spiritualists is a vote given for the bores. I've never known some of my women-folk half so depressing as they are just now. Apparently, the more people poke about into the future the less inclined they are to tolerate the present. They are so dazzled by the scientific, synthetic, sterilised sort of bliss promised by the mediums that they have no patience with the temporary goods as delivered by Lloyd George.

"A dear, fair cousin of mine is a recent victim—or, rather, her relatives are the victims. She is one of the top-line Countesses of this or any other Realm. She succumbed to the lure of the illustrated Press many years ago, when she appeared bolding a Newfoundland dog with the description, 'The charming little daughter of a Noble House, whose obvious love for her four-footed friend is only one of many lovable traits in a many-sided character.' As Adelaide was only six years old at the time I think it was a really handsome compliment. Anyhow, since that great day her photograph has appeared at least four times weekly, in every age, costume and clime. She cannot take a walk along the Row, or peep out of her casement at Cannes, or insert a dainty foot into the rippling wavelets of our southern shores, without a horde of irregular camera-men appearing from nowhere and snapping her at all angles.

"You will gather from these remarks that her features are not unknown to the proletariat. Well, recently, dear Adelaide awoke finding that she was suffering from the prevailing malady. I believe she was bitten the night before at the house of a dowager marchioness, whose table-turning and other scandalous exploits have long been the secret envy of Mayfair. Anyhow, Adelaide awoke all on fire to learn the Truth. Within an hour she was closeted with a fashionable seer, who occupies an expensive suite of offices near Bond Street. He doesn't run a black cat, but he wears a black coat and a pearl pin, and, as the dear old lady said, pronounces all his aspirins. In short, a perfect gentleman.

"Well, he passed a shapely hand over his well-groomed hair, gazed intently at his diamond *solitaire*, took a casual peep into a crystal globe slightly larger than the diamond, and proceeded to lay before Adelaide, in beautifully cut slices, the whole of her past and present and some of her future. Would you believe it, my boy, but he divined immediately that she was of noble birth! Adelaide quivered with excitement at this. He told her of her happy youth, gave an intimate little sketch of her slightly dubious husband, and outlined various details of her contemporary career. In fact, he handed out with a lavish hand the cream of all the society paragraphs ever written round my dear relative. As to the future, he was slightly vague, but he hinted that a few years hence she would find herself at the cross-roads, and would have to make a great decision, but that whatever she did the public would applaud it. Adelaide was deliciously intrigued by this, and can't make out whether it means a four-cylinder divorce case or a trip to Los Angeles to appear in a Vampire film.

"The charge for all this was only three guineas, and Adelaide left with the conviction that in a profiteering age she had snatched a bargain at bed-rock prices. And you can imagine that after this initial plunge there was no stopping Adelaide. When we hinted that the elegant gentleman with the tasteful jewellery had perhaps recognised her classic and intensely advertised features, she was thoroughly angry. It precipitated matters. Within a fortnight she had trotted up and down both sides of Bond Street. She smelled out seers, fortune-tellers, crystal-gazers, mystery merchants, and necromancers with all the *flair* of a witch doctor. Before you could say Cagliostro she had run through the smaller fry, and was hand in glove with the higher mediums who lurk in all sorts of unsuspected quarters in this dear old London of ours.

"The scene changes to Shepherd's Bush. Can you imagine me at Shepherd's Bush? But there I was, having been kidnapped in a limousine by my romantic cousin. We were in a dim parlour, with wax flowers and china dogs on the

mantlepiece and a view of the Bay of Naples on a black japanned coal-scuttle. The medium took snuff, and was at no pains to conceal his crime. There were clues in every fold of his waistcoat. What he did before he began to deal in futures I don't know, but I should say he was a gas inspector, or a company promoter, or something like that. He had just that kind of droopy, *bourgeois* moustache which suggests a feller who is always taking other peoples' money. I didn't like him. 'Pon my soul, I felt a positive distaste for him. It isn't often I let my angry passions rise, but I felt thoroughly peevish at the mere sight of Adelaide's favourite medium.

"We were a very mixed party socially, and included an earnest lady novelist and a High Court Judge. The gas—gas, mark you!—was turned out, and we sat round the table in the dark. After a long period of perfect silence, broken only by the breathing of our friend the medium, it became most oppressive. I felt ready to burst into tears. I thought of the china dogs on the mantlepiece, and melancholy overwhelmed me. Then there came sounds and shakings from the medium, which I did not understand, not knowing the lingo, but I felt that something was working up to a climax. At this moment Adelaide leaned over to me and whispered, tensely 'They're here!' And I replied in conversational tones, 'Are you by any chance referring to the famous Bing Boys?'

"Of course, that put the lid on the whole performance. The medium went off the boil immediately, and the lights were turned up. They held an indignation meeting over me. The medium was so angry he disappeared in a cloud of snuff. The lady novelist said icy things, and the Judge said he longed to have me in the dock. Of course, it was wrong of me. It wasn't sporting. I know it. If you throw cold water on spooks they get angry and retire hurt, and I'd apparently turned 'em down flat. I felt, myself, it was rather a shame, because I am by nature a friendly sort of chap. And Adelaide was very upset, although it was all her fault, really. She had been so anxious, of course, to show me she knew all the ropes that she couldn't help letting out that little whisper. And for the life of me I couldn't help replying what I did. . . . Anyhow, there it was. The *séance* was a wash-out, and dear Adelaide sulked all the way home."

"But, after all, that proves nothing, Reggie."

"Nothing, old thing, except, perhaps, that mediums sometimes get the clients they deserve. . . . Anyhow, it did me a bit of good. Adelaide has left me alone since then. She has found another medium—a lady who in her spare time, I understand, sells second-hand garments. In Bond Street, apparently, you can't be too *chic* for this sort of enterprise. It has to fit in with the hairdressers and the *modistes*, and all that sort of thing, what? But amongst the mediums it is a case of the homelier the better. I wouldn't be a bit astonished if I heard next that Adelaide was pursuing her studies at Tooting, or Surbiton, or somewhere of that kind. It will broaden her mind a bit to mix with the lower classes.

"The scene changes to Shepherd's Bush"

"Anyhow, my excellent cousin quite apart, I think this intensive production of spiritualism has gone a little bit too far. On the one hand we have the Bolshevists threatening us with a new earth. On the other we have our wise and eminent drawing up plans for several new heavens. 'Pon my soul, judging by the published accounts of both sides, I wouldn't know which to choose. I've no great fancy, from what I've heard of it, to pitch my bivvy in Trotskygrad. But, on the other hand, who would desire to take a lease in that Garden City sort of Elysium as described, for instance, by dear old Conan Doyle? It seems a pale, transparent sort of place. Somehow, it gives me the impression that all the ladies have bobbed hair and all the gentlemen wear heavy woollens next their skin. I seem to remember that in another recent startling work on the same subject it was mentioned that it was possible to obtain a species of spiritualised whisky and soda there. And as whisky and soda is a more or less modern invention, it leads one to the horrid thought that all other modern improvements are also represented. So that we should

(*Continued on page 684*)

Lot's in a Name!

Before giving your heart to any one particular name in the Russian news, make quite *sure* what it really refers to. Whether it happens to be a town, General, drink, or explosive, will make all the difference to your subsequent interest

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"MONOCLE MONOLOGUES" (concluded)

find shadowy gramophones, disembodied low comedians, and astral Geddes. It's what you migh call a filleted sort of place—just like the dear old world, only less so.

"It's all very well for Conan Doyle to describe our present here-below as 'the dingy old home,' but if everybody decided to light out for the better 'ome he describes there simply wouldn't be transport for 'em. And, anyhow, if every eminent citizen who has passed his first youth is going to be allowed to invent his own particular heaven . . . well, it'll be Hades on earth for the rest of us. How's the ordinary feller going to choose? It's bad enough having a General Election in order to try and find a Government. But fancy having to vote for the other thing! And don't you see where it will lead to?"

"Well, where, Reggie?"

"Why, if your middle-class scientists and novelists persist in discovering heavens of their own, it is certain that the Labour Party will counter-attack and produce *their* particular brand. And if we're going to be threatened with Democracy later on—well, 'pon my soul, it won't be worth dying. It'll be me for the monkey gland treatment."

Photograph *Compton Collier*

A CHARMING PORTRAIT OF LADY MARY CREWE-MILNES.

Youngest daughter of the Marquis of Crewe. Lady Mary was born in 1915.

"TRIFLES LIGHT AS AIR"

By BARRIBAL

Disgraceful!

"Come on, Peter, say your Grace!"
"But, mummy dear, we've got to *pay* for it!"

By BERT THOMAS

"Winter Doings"

BY THE BYSTANDER IN OCCUPATION

WINTER is indeed upon us now. The dry cold winds from the Steppes of Russia, and the barren plains of Eastern Prussia have driven away the sweltering summer heat of Cologne. The old fur collar, bearing little traces of mud baths in the gun position or front line last year is re-appearing, and greatly daring, challenging comparison with the feminine Cologne's skunk, white fox and opossum. Indoors we get up a pleasant frowst with the Zentralheizung, and imagine we are toasting our toes at a non-existent open fire.

NOT alone from the temperature do we realise that winter is upon us. Far more drastically is it brought home by the disappearance of delicacies from our pet restaurants. After a short but brilliant period of occupation, rolls have been ousted by our old foe, black bread, which now reigns supreme, and German food officials watch with eagle eyes for the first sign of the forbidden Brodchen. Meat has gone—poultry and game are going—cakes are practically extinct, while the never-ending fall in the mark is making fish next to impossible to import.

THINK of it, you at home who are alarmed at the fall of the pound to seventeen shillings in America; the mark, once twenty to the pound is now a hundred and thirty, and people talk of a hundred and fifty soon. If the sovereign had fallen at the same rate as the mark it would now be worth not quite three and a penny! Take into consideration the modern demands of labour, the profiteering conditions—as at home, only more so—colossal war debts, armies of occupation of four nations to maintain—and a nice little indemnity to pay; then you will have some idea of what prices here must look like to the average German.

THE more the mark falls, of course, the richer are the Occupiers—in marks—but not so the German. As the food laws and the food imports are made by him for himself, it follows that when he cannot afford to import, say, fish—we go without it too. Life in the A. of O. really has its downs as well as its ups, *pace* those good folk who seem to think we have found an earthly paradise.

STILL, we score heavily over the Hun in food matters, of course. Do cakes disappear from German shops, by order of the Polizei? The canteen promptly produces them from good British flour—and possibly with the aid of equally good German bakers—regaling us with them in the clubs, and at the *thés dansants* with which one or two requisitioned hotels are starting to follow London's lead. Canteens and clubs still supply all kinds of English food—at English prices, else were we indeed in a profiteer-free paradise, and rations now occupy a much higher place in our estimation than they did in our spoilt war-time days.

IN the Soldier's Corner of the Sudfriedhof, one of the great cemeteries of Cologne, is a small section where rest the bodies of British prisoners of war who died in the hospitals and internment camps of the district. In this small corner of Cologne "that is for ever England," gathered on All Saints' Day a large number of the troops of occupation to do honour to their deceased comrades. Snow had fallen for the first time on the previous night, and enough of it still remained to form a strong background to the wreaths, subscribed for by all ranks and both sexes of the English occupiers of Rhineland, which were placed on every British prisoner's grave.

"Men who died serving her, rest here content"

IT was fitting that the crowds of Rhinelanders who make the roads to the Sudfriedhof almost impassable on this great festival of the departed, should see that the British, though not all of their creed, still remember those who "passed over" in captivity, and whose bodies rest quietly near those of their former foes. As the gates of the peaceful cemetery were closed at dusk, and the lights of a thousand tiny candles, lighted on the German graves as a token that their dead were not forgotten, twinkled in the snow, one felt that the lines on the cards attached to the British memorial wreaths were not ill-chosen—

"Tell England, ye who pass our monument,
Men who died serving her, rest here content."

"The Canteen"

That "Be

"Uncle, do you like sweets?" "No thank

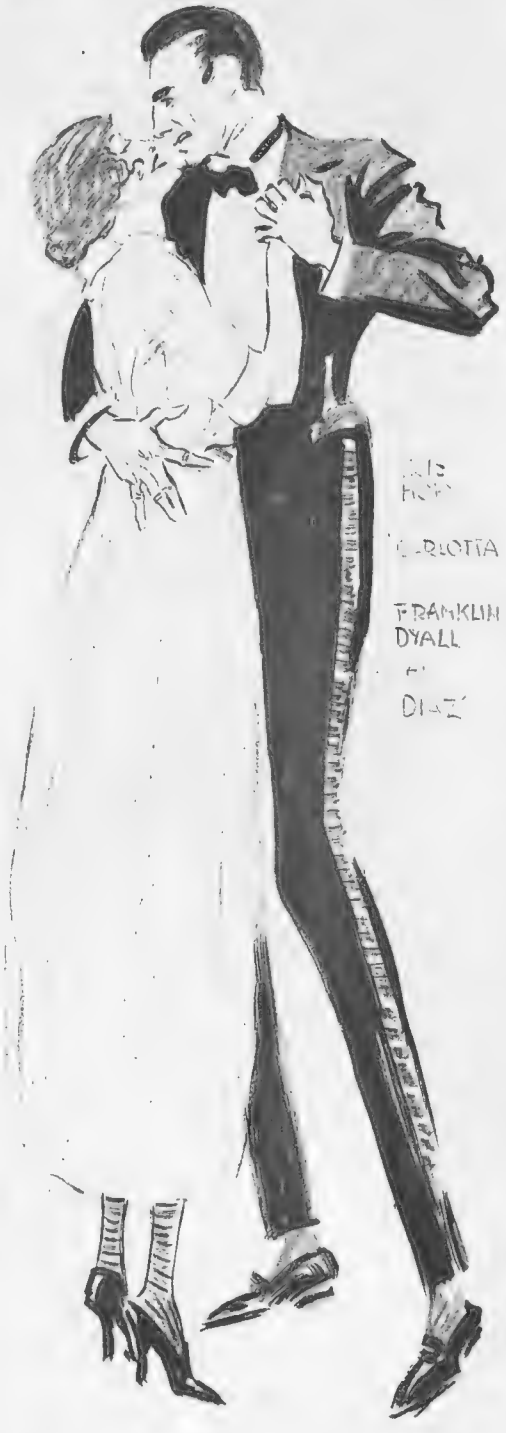
Careful" Baby!

you, dear" "Well, will you please carry mine for me?"

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

SACRED & PROFANE LOVE

By "JINGLE" *Illustrated by HARRIS*



I HAVE not had the advantage of reading Mr. Arnold Bennett's novel on this fascinating theme, and I was thus able to sit out the play with all the fresh simplicity of a wondering child. It is not, perhaps, a story for the nursery, although in these days you really never know. The first act is made up almost entirely of conversation. There is, to begin with, Emilio Diaz, the great pianist, who is, apparently, partly Spanish and partly Golder's Green. Then there is Carlotta Peel, a very impressionable girl of twenty or so, who adores music and goes a long way to hear Emilio play. Finally, she does more than that. She sees him home; and the two sit down and tell each other the story of their lives.

IT is a long story as far as Emilio is concerned, but the salient feature to note is that he has recently been ill, and is now treating himself to an occasional hypodermic injection under medical advice. And we all know where that sort of thing leads to. Carlotta's story is briefer, but it has two salient points. The first is that she has written a novel which has been accepted for publication; and the second is that she has missed the last train home. And we all—but, perhaps, not. However, Emilio is very interesting, and Carlotta is quite beginning to like him; and at that stage the curtain prudently falls to indicate a lapse of time. When it rises again it is to-morrow morning, and Carlotta just puts on her coat and goes home. I could, of course, comment at length on a scene like this, but I should hate to infringe the patent rights of the humorists of the Stock Exchange.

THEN seven years elapse, during which time nothing seems to have happened, except that Carlotta has written several books and is now both rich and famous. She is also as lovely and as fascinating as ever, so that all sorts of nice people call on her at her flat in Bloomsbury. There is, for instance, Lord Francis Alcar, a delightful part played with a rare distinction by Mr. George Elton. In spite of his eighty years, Lord Francis is young and playful in mind. It has been written that we are never too old to learn, and his lordship could give points even to the modern flapper for diligent curiosity. In the course of a confidential chat with Carlotta, he mentions affably that he has spent the best part of his life running after every woman he met, and got a return of about 40 per cent. That, I believe, is a fairly high average, even for a good-looking peer. But what he really would like to know just at the moment is how Carlotta learned all the crinkly bits she puts into her books, thus making them agreeably unsuitable reading for the young. Carlotta gently, but firmly, declines to supply the picturesque details called for, and as she is, doubtless, guided in her decision by a native respect for the feelings of the Censor, the dear old boy lets it go at that.

ABOUT this time Carlotta's publisher wants to marry her, or, at least, he would do so if he were not married already, and Carlotta, who seems a bit of a goer in this respect, admits the existence of a responsive chord in her own heart. All at once comes the distressing news that the great Emilio has fallen from his high pedestal and is now a morphomaniac in cheap lodgings in Paris. Carlotta's mind is made up at once. Her amorous publisher must go back and make the best job he can of his present missus. Carlotta's place is in Paris by Emilio's side. He was her first lover, and we gather that but for the fact that she did not know where to find him,

she would have been on his track long since.

THIS brings us to Rosalie's flat in Paris, which Gallic humour would call also her *cabinet de travail*. To put the matter calmly and dispassionately, Rosalie is a lady of no importance. Such ladies have been represented on the stage before, usually with the dignified appearance of one of the old Greek Hetairai. Rosalie is merely a commonplace specimen. With a plain unblushing frankness she refers to the cares of her business and her popularity with her clients, who like her because she is so steady and respectable. And she is so sorry for poor Emilio. In short, the great Emilio Diaz has sunk so low that he is dependent for food and shelter on the charity of a poor, large-hearted drab. Readers of De Quincey's "Confessions" will remember his eulogy of the kindness and generosity of these women, with whom he appeared to enjoy an acquaintance that was both extensive and peculiar. They would seem to specialise in playing the part of tutelary goddesses to drug-eaters.

A LITTLE TRICK SHOOTING

MISS IRIS HOEY and Mr. Franklin Dyall have here between them the great scene of the play, and they rise to the occasion magnificently. He is the broken Emilio, the nervous, querulous drug-taker; she is just the quiet, but strong-willed, girl who believes it is her mission to drag the man who was once so much to her from the gutter and to set him once again on high. I am not quite sure that I understand the title of the play, but I take the liberty of supposing that this is the Sacred Love part of it, while the Profane part is represented by the poor old dear in the next room who has to make a trade of it. Emilio suffers primarily from the delusion that there is a conspiracy against him. He does not, at first, recognise Carlotta, and with the indifferent cunning of his kind, he imagines that he sees through her little game, and is more than a match for her. She is an emissary of his professional rivals, but he is not going to give himself away. As if he were not being gratuitously distributed all the time. He tells Carlotta that the rumour that he is a morphomaniac is all false. He has not injected a drop for years. It is a lie set on foot to undermine his reputation, and it has had the effect of so breaking him up that he has not touched a piano for a very long time. The fact that he has not had a piano to touch in that extended period, he discreetly refrains from mentioning. Finally, at this exciting narrative of his wrongs, he becomes so much upset that he rushes away to hide his extreme emotion from a lady who is, as far as he knows, a comparative stranger, and who may very well not have been brought up to that sort of thing.

WHEN he has gone, Rosalie looks in to say that the poor gentleman seems to be upset, but he will be all right in a minute, as he has just gone to take a hair of the dog that bit him, or something of that sort. Then Carlotta gets the hang of things; and when Emilio returns she tells him right out that she has come to take him away with her, out of reach of drugs and syringes and everything. He makes a feeble and tearful protest, but as she has the advantage of being attractive enough to make a man willing to give up his beer and his wife's relations for her sake, she wins the day. As a play it is a little detached. There is so much talk that you get the idea that if Mr. Bennett could have thought up some more plot he would have run it in, if only to economise the lung power of his principals. But the third act atones for much; and in any case this is nearer to being a real play than anything we have had in London for quite a while. JINGLE

"Velveteens"

Photograph [*Rita Martin*

MISS MADELINE SEYMOUR

Who is playing a leading part in Sir Alfred Butt's production "Who's Hooper?" at the Adelphi Theatre

"PATI

TIENCE"

BY WILMOT LUNT

Picture photograph *Elwin Neame*

MISS BIRDIE COURTNEY
Who is appearing in "The Eclipse" at the Garrick Theatre

Any Lady

By DELL LEIGH

HARRY MALLET stretched an arm for the ash-tray.

"Yes, it's a dud sort of a place, London, in September, isn't it? Neither one thing or the other somehow. Every decent-minded man ought to be shootin' partridges, instead of——" He waved an empty cigarette-holder round the club smoking-room.

"One can always *cherchez les femmes*," replied Fisher, from the deep obscurity of a saddle-back chair. "They're a dam sight more wily than the grouse bird, or the partridge."

"And a bit more expensive—what?"

"Ye-es, but it's extraordinary nice you know, after a round of golf, to come back here and have what Spink calls 'a complete immersion' in a hot bath, dress slowly, stroll down to the smokin'-room, have the odd spot of old brown sherry with a pal or two, tell one of the pages to get you a taxi, and drive off comfortably to some restaurant or other where the charmer of the hour is going to dine with you—great game."

"You're a bit of an old Lothario, aren't you, Fish?" said Mallet. "Still, there's a lot in what you say. It's a wonderful sex, marvellous. 'Member that feller we saw the other night at the Pantheon doing that boxin' stunt, who kept on saying 'Any Lady?' Lor', how I laughed."

"Yes, priceless, wasn't he?" replied Fisher. "We must see that chap again. *Surely* it's time we had one, isn't it? Push the bell like a good feller. I must keep remarkably sober and respectable this evenin', I'm taking a dearie out to dine."

"Yes, you *would* be," laughed his companion. "Matter of fact I've got to do much the same myself, which reminds me I must cash a cheque. But why the acute abstinence young feller-m'-lad?"

"'Two whiskies and sodas, waiter, please,'" said Fisher. "Abstinence? We-el, I had a bit of a row with the sweet soul I'm dining with to-night, a little while ago. She swore revenge in a letter subsequently (*so* like a woman), and I want to be cold stone sober (not that I'm ever anything else, h'm) so's I can give her the complete telling off this evenin', see?"

Mallet nodded sympathetically. "Yes, it's an enervating pastime when they get on the 'I never thought you were *that* kind of man' stunt, isn't it? Is she one of these fair, finicky, peevish ladies? They always make trouble."

"No," replied his friend, reflectively, "no-o, she's dark, very dark—a top-hole person in every respect; but wants the curb occasionally, don't you know? And I rather flatter myself I'm the man to administer it." The subjugator of the sex drained his glass. "Matter of *fact*, I don't mind tellin' you what it was, ol' man. We were dining at Brentano's. I was takin' her on to a show close by; and Molly Musgrave must needs come and plank herself down bang opposite me at the next table. She was dining with her old Agent, and was bored to death. Of course, I *know* Moll and, well, I may have looked at her a couple o' times too many,—but my little lady got very angry about it—perfectly absurd, as I told her. However, I got four pages of orderly room chat the next morning—phew!"

"What did you do?" asked Mallet, deeply intrigued.

Why Hunt Lions, Slippers, Foxes, or Thimbles—

—When a Real Profiteer Hunt is So Much More Fun?

BY LAURIE TAYLER

"ANY LADY" (*concluded*)

"Do? What *can* you do when a woman gets into a flat spin about nothing? I apologised, of course, and asked her to dine again. She took the bait like a May trout, and I'm going to—er—have a few earnest words with her this evening, don't *you* worry."

Mallet beckoned to a waiter. "We'd better do this again, I suppose, do you good. 'Two more, waiter; yes, whiskey, and large soda divided.' Where are you paradin' her?—wish I could hear this, I should be tickled to death; 'course I haven't got the nerve for that kind of thing myself, I crumple up like a bit of chewed string if they get peeved with me."

"Great mistake, ol' man, it is *really*. Oh no, no nonsense of that sort for this child. I'm dining at the Savoy."

"So'm I!" cried Mallet. "This is wonderful. I shall watch you from behind the barrage of the ice bucket. Where are you sittin'?"

"Oh, I haven't booked; they know me well there, plenty of room just now, too. I say, I must go and change."

"So must I. I'll drive you down. Come on."

. . . . . .

They stood about in the lower lounge trying not to look self-conscious.

"Don't believe she's going to turn up," grumbled Fisher. "I *said* 7.45."

"I'm not ensnared until 8," replied Mallet, cheerfully. "Still, if your soul's delight doesn't come, in the words of the prophet, there's," he waved a hand round the rapidly filling lounge, "any lady?"

At this moment a slim dark woman, in a black wrap, walked slowly down the red staircase.

She advanced towards them, holding out both hands.

"*So* sorry to keep you two dears waiting. *So* nice of you both to ask me to dinner on the same night. Of course, you're great friends, aren't you; Harry was telling me about you the other day," turning to Fisher, "and besides," and she smiled brilliantly at him, "you will have such a wonderful opportunity for your favourite game when Harry is monopolizing my attention, won't you? I shan't be *two* seconds"; and she turned to the cloak room.

"Well I'm damned!" muttered Fisher.

"Hear, hear, what shall we do?" asked Mallet. "Spin a coin?"

"Not likely—I'm off. I give her best. I'll write her *some* letter to-morrow," his face was twisted with anger as he dashed into the men's cloak room.

A vision appeared in old gold brocade at Mallet's side.

"I say you know, Enid," he began.

A black ostrich feather touched his arm, arresting speech.

"*Please*," she said, looking steadily at him, "I've come to enjoy myself. Shall we go down?"

They moved towards the stairs together.

ONLY TOO TRUE!

DEMOBBED MAN'S WIFE: "Yes, indeed, this is a country only fit for 'profiteeroes' to live in"

By ALFRED LEETE

Accomplishments on the Mail Order System

A promising young student of the Correspondence College for Skating taking the first course

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

The Bystander IN PARIS

"WEDDINGS AND PICNICS." *Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN.*

MES AMIS—

OUR sister Suzanne has married herself this week with her American, and they are emigrated to America. One comforts oneself that he is a nice American and they go to live in a beautiful place of the south, where Suzanne says it will at least be warm, while in Paris we go to perish of the cold, unless someone will make a miracle to give us coal.

THERE has been of the wedding so much difficulty, and when at the last it has been all arranged and they have had all the papers that show the age of one's grandparents and that one's aunts have not married themselves with Germans, and all the other things that our foolish Republic demands to know, there have been so many people who married themselves on the same day that they have almost missed to be in time.

ONE had the idea when we have gone to the *Mairie* that it was a day when everyone should go to seek their tickets of sugar, because there were so many people who made the queue. Suzanne has been sure that we have made a mistake. "It is here one votes in the elections," she has said, "there cannot be so many who marry themselves in one day."

WE have counted, and there have been sixty-five couple who have said the so important "*Oui*" to *Monsieur le Maire* in his sash of the tricolour before it has been the turn of Suzanne. One has the idea that the marriage is become an epidemic like the *grippe* and the divorce.

"Monsieur le Maire in his sash of the tricolour"

AND when it is finished this epidemic, think you what will still remain. There is someone who has calculated, *pour encourager les jeunes filles*, that there are now in France two women and one-half for every man. It is delightful, the prospect for the other woman and a half. One will do well to be like Suzanne and marry oneself at once with an *étranger* before they are all gone home from the War.

"Two women and one-half for every man"

EVERYWHERE one sees how it is true, the cruel statistic of how there are not any more enough Frenchmen. When we have gone to the Salon d'Automne to see the pictures there have been only women who have been there, and a so few men from Montmartre and the *rive gauche*, who are not of the kind who marry themselves, because they are too much artists. It was they who have painted the pictures of the *salon*. There are some who are very clever, but because we have been all women without the embarrassment of the

(Continued on page 702)

Le Dernier Cri de Paris

(1) A tailor-made suit in blue gaberdine, cut away below the belt to show a smart gilet in heavy satin

(2) An afternoon gown in black satin, lined with jet

(3) A striking dinner dress in black sequin and net, with a square train

(4) A theatre cloak in black velvet and white fur

All these gowns are models designed by Molyneux

Photographs *Wyndham*

These are the very, very latest thing from Paris, and they're rather jolly, don't you think? At any rate, they are a deal more possible than some others we have recently seen—though doubtless the price is impossible enough!

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

men, when we have made our criticism how we have laughed at some. It is not that we have not respect for the great ideas of the cubists and the futurists, but it is sometimes that they make the comedy of their ideas without to suspect themselves to be funny, because they are so great enthusiasts to do something new.

BUT there are also so beautiful things at the *salon*, the furnishing of rooms that becomes a new art of which our French girls go to make a success, and the designs of the jewels and the beads like no one else can arrange. And even this year there have been an exhibition of the *modes* and of the dance.

IT has been a great innovation to have the display of the fashions in the *salon*, but it is our argument that it is a great art to dress, and Marcel, of whom it is my idea that he loves more the beautiful dresses of the women than the women, says how it is necessary that we shall make another Muse who will be the goddess of Paris, to whom the *midinettes* will make their prayers.

BUT when I have said how the clothes of the goddess would be next year out of the fashion, and that one must not create her *toute nue*, he has made a drawing that I have forbidden that he shall send to our Editor, because I do not think it is of English taste. He has put in his drawing all the fashions since Madame Eve, and in the middle is the goddess without to know what to put on, except a bracelet.

AND there have been also the exhibitions of the dance like once of which I have written before, when they have shown us the dances of the old Greeks and the dances of the Orient, and of Russia and the Hungarians, and of our old France. And then they have shown the modern dance and how it should be made, so that we have gone at once afterwards to one of the rooms of the Champs Elysées to practise, and everyone has quarrelled with her partner because they would not do right and have bumped themselves into the others, while they have thought hard to be graceful and not only to enjoy themselves.

"He has made a drawing that I have forbidden"

"To go and skate on the ice"

EVEN at our dances it is suddenly that one finds how there is now like the *crise* of the coal, and the *crise* of the little money, a *crise* of men. The poor fellows they have worked so hard, those who were left, each one to dance with the two and a half girls, and now they begin to be tired and wish again, as Frédéric has said, that they should go again to the front for a rest.

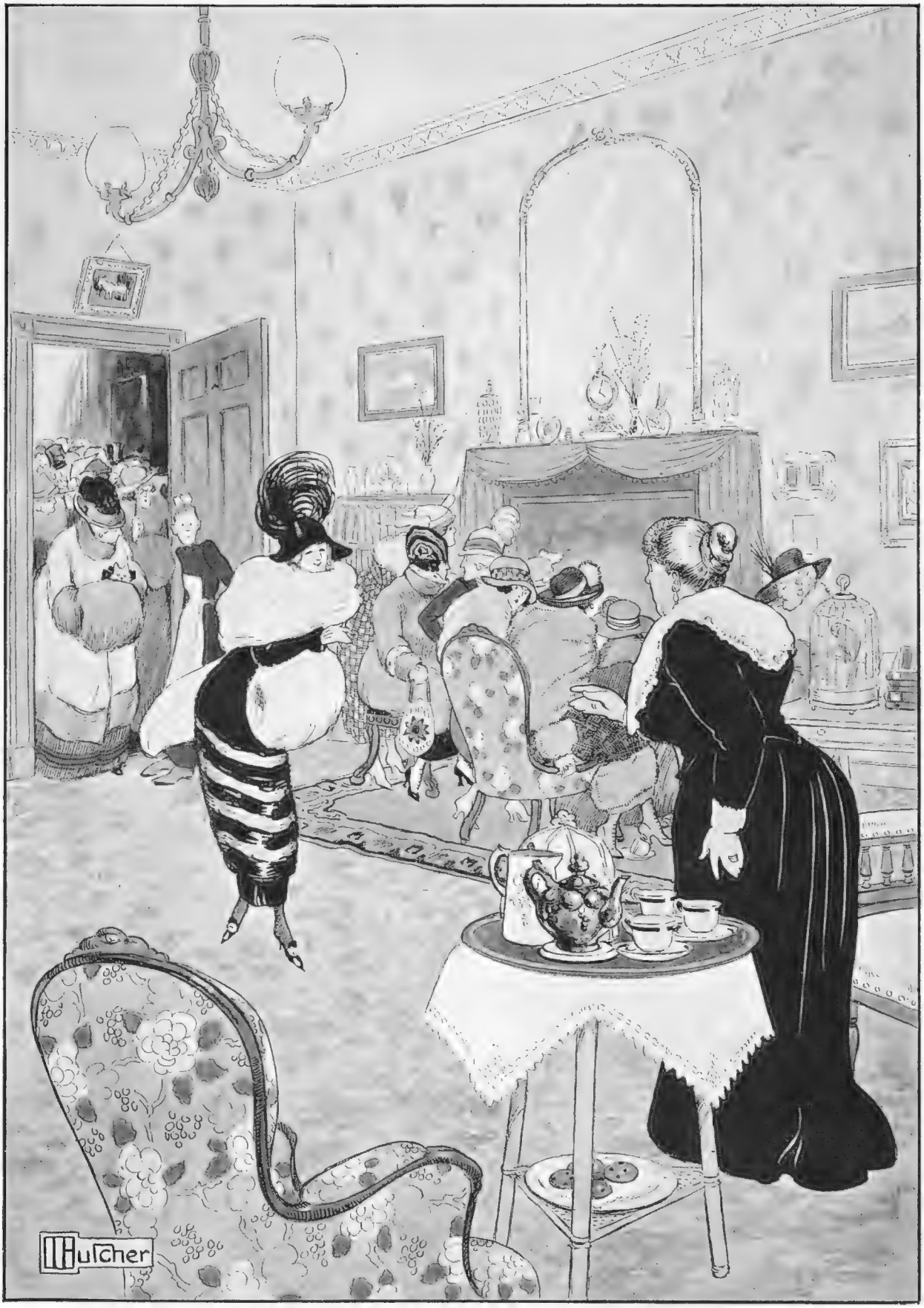
"IT is five years," he has complained with Édouard, "that the girls do nothing, and so they have the energy like the ostriches, but for me I claim the *perm* from the dance like we have had in the War, or the day of eight hours to which we have the right of the law."

SO now we have the fear that to all the other strikes there will be added the strike of the *messieurs*, unless we will treat them with gentleness. Of that what will come? Already before the War they have been always *gâtés* by their mothers, and have had the ideas that they are the great Pashas, but now it will be of everything worse, for already they talk in their cafés how it shall, perhaps, become their duty that everyone should have two wives, and even then it would be that there would be a half to spare.

IT is our idea if they talk like that, it will be wise that we neglect a little to dance and make more the society of the home. But for this afternoon we will make the change to go and skate on the ice at the Palais de Glace.

Your friend, AGNÈS

Popularity!



THE HOSTESS WHO HAD SOME COAL

By M. BUTCHER

Onoto Pens

Self Filling—Safety.

The Simplest Pen to USE.

The Standard ALL-BRITISH FOUNTAIN PEN 15/-

The Onoto is the *one* Fountain Pen that never gives a moment's trouble.

You can regulate the flow of ink to suit your handwriting.

When you have finished writing, a twist with the finger and thumb seals the reservoir so that the ink *cannot* escape until you yourself release it.

When you need more ink, your Onoto will fill itself in a flash from any ink supply. It cleans itself in filling.

Presentation Onoto Pens at prices up to £8 8s.) beautifully chased, and sold in charming silk-lined cases, make ideal gifts for weddings, birthdays, and for Christmas.

THOMAS DE LA RUE & CO., LTD.,
BUNHILL ROW, LONDON, E.C.1.

The All-British Fountain Pen

Rachel Demobilises.

BY "WHITE HALL."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GRAHAM SIMMONS.

I.

"HERE are your figures, Mr. Cheyne."

"Thank you, Miss Clive," he replied, mechanically, and continued writing.

"D—— that man," Rachel Clive reflected. "All these months I've never so much as squeezed a smile out of him." She busied herself in her work, foiled for the hundredth time, but determined to make another assault later.

Rachel Clive was a "war worker"—about twenty-eight in age. Before August, 1914, her life had been desultory and pleasure loving. Her relations towards the other sex were what might be imagined of one who, endowed with charm in plenty, had succeeded in approaching her thirtieth year unmarried. Of her male friends many had lost their hearts to her. But after all in August, 1914, Rachel was only twenty-four, and why should she hurry to sign away her future? Rachel's mother did not like it. She belonged to the old-fashioned school of matrons, which thought that all daughters should marry at eighteen, so that they themselves be grandmothers at forty. But she was powerless, for as she would complain to her friends, "Only old maids marry nowadays."

The declaration of War and the enlistment of her boy friends made a great upheaval in Rachel's life. She resolved to do her bit. A relative at the Ministry of Perditions found her an opening in his office, where she threw herself heart and soul into the work, and easily transformed herself from the happy-go-lucky *dilettante* into the industrious official.

But under work-a-day serge and alpaca the old Eve endured. Rachel wondered whether, after the War, she would still retain her old power over men. She had some ground for misgiving. There was one man in the office on whom she could make no impression. She had, indeed, no wish to do more than strike a responsive chord. But after months of association she found Richard Cheyne as distant as at their first meeting.

II.

The thrills of Armistice Day were over. The head of Rachel's department at the Ministry begged Rachel to stay till at least some of the fighting staff returned. She agreed, influenced as she knew by her wish to make a fresh assault on Cheyne.

The plan now received a temporary set-back. Some six weeks after Armistice Day an unexpected telephone call informed Rachel of the return of an old friend, Captain John Jervis, who had come through four years of service in Egypt and Palestine with health unimpaired and a D.S.O. Jervis felt that the time had come for him to find a companion to share his pleasures and make him a home. His hopes centred on Rachel, and his telephone call was the first effort towards their realisation. There followed a series of dinners, suppers, theatres, and parties, celebrated in a way worthy of a man who, after months of enforced economy, found himself with unlimited opportunities for extravagance in the company of a girl with whom he fancied himself in love. While Rachel enjoyed the revival of pre-war dissipations, she was aware of a change in her own view of life. She repeatedly tried to convince Jervis that there were ways of quiet enjoyment more satisfying than music-halls and dances. She was determined that when the inevitable proposal came she would make it clear that she was not the mere butterfly he imagined.

The crucial moment arrived soon enough. Jervis had taken Rachel in his two-seater for a moonlight run on the Surrey Hills. They had left the car and were enjoying the view over the valley, when he spoke. Rachel was ready with her reply. "No, Jack, it is no good. I can't live at your pace. The War has changed me. It has filled me with a longing for peace, but your craving for excitements

is still unsatisfied. Let us go home now." On their way back Jervis understood that he might hope, if, to use his own phrase, he could but "quiet down."

A month passed, Jervis tried to shake off his restlessness. For a week he made a point of being in his rooms by 10 p.m. But books bored him, and gradually he returned to his old ways, though he knew that it meant "good-bye" to Rachel. He wrote to her that the test she had proposed was too severe, and could only hope that she would not regret the happiness she had given to an old friend.

Rachel received the letter philosophically, and was glad that she had put the onus of the decision, which she had anticipated, on her friend.

"No, Jack, it is no good. I can't live at your pace"

III.

Rachel's emotions, roused by her interlude with Jervis, now craved satisfaction. Her plan of an amusing experiment on Cheyne gave place to something more serious. Accordingly a few days later, when she handed in her morning's work, she opened the ball. "Mr. Cheyne, you have been so kind while I have been working under you." "Well," he interrupted, "what can I do, Miss Clive? Do you want a week's holiday, are you deserting us, or am I to congratulate you?" The questions were cruelly inopportune. "Oh, no!" Rachel replied, forcing a smile, "not yet! I was only going to ask whether you would dine with me to-night—to meet my brother just demobilised." The lie was the prompting of a moment's embarrassment. She regretted it at once, but her brother's absence could be somehow explained, and her scheme would not be affected. Cheyne's rejoinder disconcerted her. He replied that he could not possibly be her guest till she had been his, and that if she would honour him by her company at his flat, she could bring her brother along too.

There was no way of escape. Rachel accepted. The afternoon spelt agony. She considered whether she should get one of her friends to impersonate her brother, but eventually decided to brave the flat alone.

At 8 p.m. she entered Cheyne's library, and he rose to greet her. "So you found your way all right," he said, puffing the smoke of his cigarette, and you've brought your brother, I hope?" Rachel explained that he had been unfortunately detained by an unexpected visit from a brother officer passing through London. "I hope you don't mind, Mr. Cheyne," she added—"I mean, on account of convention. I don't, and, after all, two's company and three's——

At this moment the door opened, and a lady in evening dress walked in. "Let me introduce you," said Cheyne drily, "to—my wife."

Two hours later the ordeal ended. As she walked home Rachel took stock of her position, and next morning she resigned her appointment at the Ministry.

Paris in Snow-Time

LOOKS AS MIRTHFUL, JOLLY, AND PICTURESQUE AS EVER

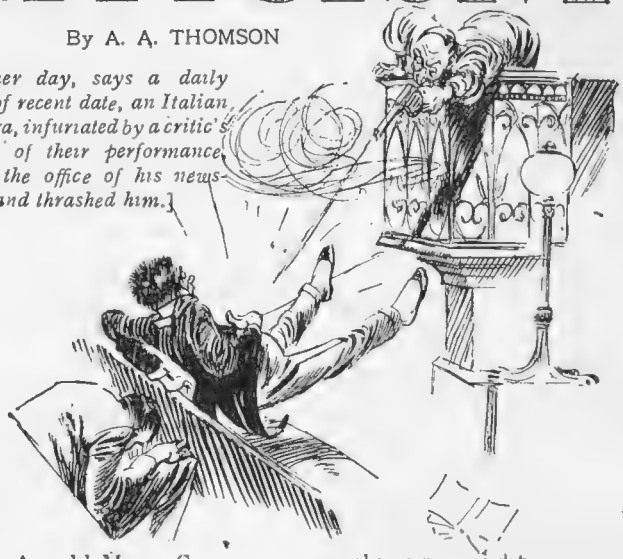
YOUTHFUL TOBOGGANISTS
Get a tow from a passing sleigh

CLEARING AWAY THE SNOW IN THE AVENUE DE L'OPÉRA, AND (inset above) SPARROWS AT THE TUILERIES WHICH BECOME VERY TAME IN THE COLD WEATHER

BOLSHEVISM v CRITICISM

By A. A. THOMSON

[*The other day, says a daily paper of recent date, an Italian orchestra, infuriated by a critic's account of their performance, raided the office of his newspaper and thrashed him.*]



Young Percy the painter (disciple of Titian)
Once tried for his art to secure exhibition;
The Hanging Committee returned it unhung,
And Percy to merciless fury was stung.
In vengeance upon this refusal so silly
He fired a trench-mortar across Piccadilly,
And now he can gloat, without grievance or grouse,
O'er the smoke-blackened ruins of Burlington House

A mild Minor Canon was preaching one night,
And, as he approached his Fourteenthly, caught sight
Of an impious wretch—he was, no doubt, a German—
Who'd snored seven times in the course of the sermon.
Now, if you're a canon, it's clear as the sun,
You're surely entitled to carry a gun,
So, drawing a pistol from under his stole,
He pinked that vile man with a neat little hole.

Sweet Mademoiselle Marie de Mollets (from France)
Appears every night in a classical dance
An ill-advised critic has ventured to say
"She's good, but she hasn't the style of Genée"
Alors, naturellement, she's boiling with rage,
And swears that to-morrow she'll walk off the stage,
And, choosing a hatpin to do the fell work'll
Assassinate him as he sits in the Circle.

I've followed the precepts these good folk avow,
And sent in my verses—they're being read now
With bludgeon in hand and three bombs on the floor,
I'm waiting behind the good editor's door
Though force is a thing that I'm chary of using,
I fear, if he shows the least sign of refusing,

That ere a sharp schoolboy could count up to seven,
There'll be a new page The Bystander in Heaven.

SKETCHES BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

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"That Following Fellow of Mine"

—Well-known Music-hall Ditty

Irritable, but Absent-minded Old Gentleman: "Look here! I've noticed you've bin following me about. What the devil d'ye mean by it?"

Nervous Person: "Er—sorry to trouble you—fact is, you took my hat and coat from the club just now!"

BY A. WALLIS MILLS

A Birthday Celebration

The Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society came of age on the 15th inst: and to celebrate the auspicious occasion its members assembled in force on the Addington Park Course and played a series of foursomes, which were styled "Age v. Youth," though the players were given a good deal of latitude in choosing which side to play for. In the end "Age" just won after a most enjoyable afternoon in spite of the wintry conditions

BY PHYLLIS KERMODE

GAMES AND PASTIMES

Results by Arrangement

An Ostensible Win—

A POINT of interest to all players of games has recently arisen in connection with a match played some time back between the Hendon and Harlesden Hockey teams. Put quite shortly the question is: Can the result of a match be settled by arrangement between the Captains of the two sides after the match is over, irrespective of what has happened on the field of play? What apparently happened in the Hendon *v.* Harlesden match was that, with the score at one goal all, and very little time remaining to go, a shot from a corner was taken by Harlesden which went into the net, but apparently the ball was not "stopped" in the manner provided by the laws before the shot was taken, and this seems to have been so obvious that the Hendon captain called to his goalkeeper to let the shot go. The umpire, however, failed to notice that the ball was not properly "stopped," and awarded a goal to Harlesden, which, as time was up shortly afterwards, gave them the victory—ostensibly—by two goals to one.

—Which was "Counted" a Draw

THE result, however, was officially recorded as a draw, and was given as such to the Press. Some little while afterwards, the writer of the Hockey Notes in the *Observer* having noticed this, and being conversant with what actually happened on the field of play, pointed out that this was an error, and that the result should have been recorded as a win for Harlesden by 2—1. This evoked a long letter to the *Observer* from the Hendon captain, from which it transpired that after the match was over a sort of conference was held between the two captains and the umpire, the result of which was that it was agreed that the result should be "counted" as a draw.

A Dangerous Precedent

THIS, of course, means that the umpire was either induced to reverse his decision, or else that he agreed to a score other than the actual score being recorded—which practically amounts to the same thing. The Hendon captain, while admitting that an umpire's decision is final, contends that he can reverse it "if he be man enough to do so" (which is certainly open to question), and can see no reason why any exception should be taken to what he describes as "a sportsmanlike agreement between rival captains with the connivance of the umpire." I cannot help thinking that an agreement of this kind is not in accordance with the true spirit not merely of Hockey, but of Sport generally. If such arrangements are allowed to become at all prevalent it will mean that match results, regardless of what has happened on the field of play, will be subject to revision in the seclusion of the dressing-room. It seems to me that this is the very thing which the law, common to most games, that the umpire's decision is final, was designed to prevent.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

The 'Varsity Sides

ALTHOUGH the 'Varsity Rugger teams have by now played quite a number of matches, there is little, if anything, in the results of them to indicate which is the stronger side. Cambridge have the better record, but comparative form, though useful up to a point, is not infallible, especially in the case of 'Varsity contests, which (with the exception, perhaps, of the Boat Race) have a

GEORGES CARPENTIER

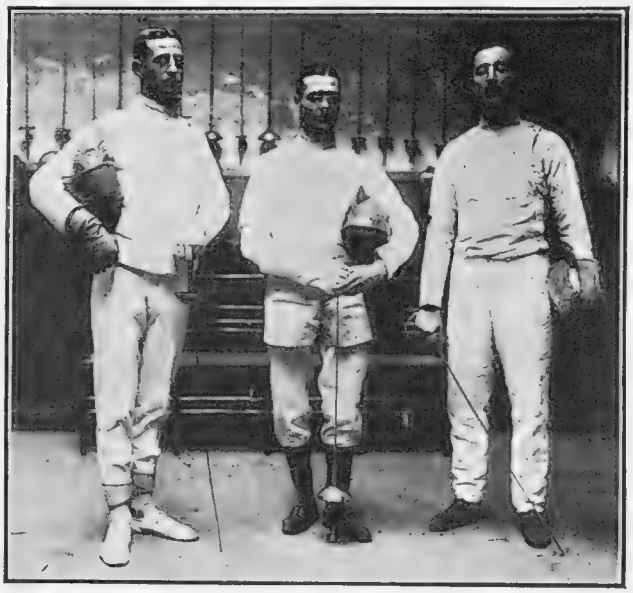
A ch aracter sketch by one of his own countrymen of the famous French boxer, whose fight with Beckett is due to take place on December 4

By François Nazare Aga

pleasant little way of confounding the most careful calculations of students of form. Moreover, there is still time for plenty to happen before the actual date of the 'Varsity contest.

Slight Odds on Cambridge

THE truth at present appears to be that neither team is in any sense a great one, and that of the two Cambridge have been more consistently good, and are more evenly balanced. Oxford have shown here and there flashes of great brilliance when the run of the game has helped them, but when hard pressed they are not wholly dependable. They have a fine set of forwards, but their backs, although there are three old Blues among them, have not been a success. For my own part, I think that unless Cambridge are beaten forward the superiority of their backs ought to turn the scale in their favour. The position of stand-off half-back is about the most important one on the field, and, although one man cannot win a match, they have in J. C. M. Lewis, the Welsh International, an asset of the highest value. He has been accused of showing too much originality, and of puzzling his own side as much as his opponents, and I myself have seen him indulge in stunts when his side were winning easily, but I think he may be trusted to abstain from this tendency on the all-important day.



THE REDOUBTABLE THREE

Who so successfully represented the R. A. F. against the Army in last week's fencing contest between the two Services, which is described on this page. Left to right: Flight-Lieut. Sherriff, M. C., Squadron-Leader E. G. H. Clarke, M. C., Sergeant-Major Grainger.

FENCING

The Army v. The R.A.F.

THE first trial of strength in swordsmanship and bayonet fighting between the Army and the R.A.F., at Bertrand's Fencing Academy on Wednesday last, provided some exhilarating bouts. There were four contests in all—foil, sabre, *épée*, and bayonet—and in each contest there were three competitors on each side, giving a total of nine matches in each separate contest, and a grand total of 36. The R.A.F. relied on the same three representatives, Squadron Leader E. G. H. Clarke, M.C., Flight-Lieut. F. G. Sherriff, M.C., and Sergeant-Major Grainger, in all the four events, and it says much for their skill and stamina that they proved victorious in every event, winning the foils, by 5 to 4, the sabres, by 5 to 4, the *épées* by 6 to 3, and the bayonets by 6 to 3, a total of 22 matches, as against 14 scored by the Army, who were represented by Captain Wand Tetley, Captain Smith, and Sergeant-Major Elliott in the foils, by Colonel R. Campbell, D.S.O., Major Huntingdon, and Sergeant-Major Elliott in the sabres, by Colonel Campbell, Captain Tetley, and Sergeant-Major Eggleton in the *épées*, and by Captain Barnes, Sergeant-Major Reardon, and Sergeant-Major Reed in the bayonets.

H. S. S.

UNDER ROYAL AUSPICES

The newly-formed Buckingham Palace Association Football Club whose activities commenced last week in the grounds of Kensington Palace where this photograph was taken. His Majesty the King has interested himself in the Club and has presented the members with their outfits.

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Photograph *Central News*

THE END OF A HUNTING DAY: A CAMERA STUDY WITH THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE "DRAG" AT HAWTHORN HILL

The King at Elvedon

THE Elvedon estate, where the King enjoyed some excellent shooting last week, has long been famous for its game preserves. This property extends over not far short of 20,000 acres in the north-west corner of Suffolk, and was formerly the home of the Maharajah Duleep Sinjh, in whose time something like 12,000 head of game were accounted for each season. Its reputation as a sporting estate has been enhanced since it came into Earl Iveagh's possession, and before the War some remarkable bags were secured. The district is specially noted for its rabbit warrens.

Earl Bathurst's Hounds

OUR illustrations this week include one of Earl Bathurst's hounds on their way to their recent meet at Somerford Common, together with the latest portrait of the master. Few men are more popular in the hunting field than Lord Bathurst, who combines those qualities of diplomacy, tact, firmness and good sportsmanship, which go to make the successful M.F.H. A large landowner himself, he is on the best of terms with the farmers in that part of the Vale of White Horse which is covered by his pack, and they appreciate his consideration by removing much of their wire and welcoming the hounds on their land. Like his neighbour, the Duke of Beaufort, Lord Bathurst took over the mastership of the pack from his father a good many years ago. No doubt, in due course, Lord Apsley, a brainy young sportsman for whom a bright future can be predicted, will carry on the good work, as Lord Worcester probably will in the adjoining country.

S. DONOGHUE
Champion Jockey of the Season

Photographs *W. A. Rouch*

ALEC TAYLOR
Who heads the list of Winning Trainers

Progress of the Season

HUNTING people have been comparing notes regarding the recent cold snap, which stopped sport for nearly a week, and it is generally agreed that such an early check is almost unprecedented. It is hoped that it does not foreshadow a badly broken season. Of course, a few breaks during the winter are only to be expected, and perhaps they will not be so irksome to M.F.H.s and huntsmen as usual this year, because hounds are decidedly scarce in the majority of kennels. It is feared that this shortage will be severely felt after Christmas.

Reduction of Packs

OWING to the fact that very few young hounds were bred during the last two years of the War, masters voluntarily reducing their packs considerably to fall in with the food restrictions, you find it well nigh impossible to buy foxhounds now. But this is only

BY FIELD, STREAM AND COVERT (concluded)

The Kill!

MAYOLA WINS HER HEAT AGAINST GOLDEN HORNET AT THE SUSSEX COUNTY COURSING MEETING AT ALDINGBOURNE

a passing phase, and most of the leading packs will regain their former strength in the course of a season or two.

Smaller Fields

One thing seems to be clearly established in the opening month of the season—that the fields in the fashionable countries have been appreciably smaller than they were in the old days. We know, alas! that a great many good foxhunters gave their lives for their country in the War, but there are many youngsters coming on to fill the gaps. Perhaps as the season progresses the members will get back to their old proportions, but I am inclined to think that the heavy cost of hunting is responsible for the shrinkage that has been noticed up to the present. It is all very well to tell us that money is cheaper, but it is not every foxhunter whose income has risen in proportion with dwindling values, and I know several people who used to hunt with three packs in the Midlands and are now contenting themselves with one, on the grounds of economy.

Photographs *Sport & General*

A WET DAY FOR HUNTING

Despite unfavourable conditions, the South Oxfordshire had a good field at their recent meet at Thame, many followers both on foot and bicycles turning out

Shy Subscribers

The new scale of subscriptions in the fashionable hunting districts is sufficiently high to cause the average man to pause before he decides to hunt quite on the old lines. The result is that hunt secretaries in the Midlands cannot tell even approximately at present how their subscription lists are going to pan out. A matter of £9,000 per annum now has to be got together in the Cottesmore country, and it is much the same in other directions. Big fields are notoriously bad for sport, and before the War the hunting-field was undoubtedly over-crowded in certain countries, but those responsible for the financial side of the Hunts are wondering whether they will be able to make both ends meet under the new arrangements.

Additional Cost

I know in the Belvoir country the inevitable general advance in subscriptions was regarded rather doubtfully, as it was feared that it might adversely affect the financial position of the Hunt. At the end of the season it will be interesting to find out exactly how far the additional cost of hunting has affected its prosperity. A. W. C.

Popular Meets of the Week

Earl Bathurst's Hounds meet at Somerford Common: Arrival of the pack. And (inset on right) Earl Bathurst, a popular M.F.H., who has hunted the Cirencester side of the Vale of White Horse for many seasons.

Photographs *Central News and Sport General*

THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE DRAGHOUNDS MEET AT HAWTHORN HILL

The Master, Mr D. H. Blew Jones, of the 2nd Life Guards, taking his pack to the lay-on

Racing Notions

THE PAST SEASON. By "CARBINE"

The Jockey Club's Meeting

CONSIDERABLE curiosity exists in racing circles as to what may happen as a result of the important meeting of the Jockey Club this week. Many interesting proposals are being discussed. No racing body that I know commands the respect that the Jockey Club enjoys, or so completely upholds the dignity of the sport. It was lately suggested that many of its duties should be undertaken by a new body, but that might easily prove to be a mischievous experiment. By some people the *pari-mutuel* is declared to be the panacea for all racing ills. I should support its introduction here if I were sure that the proceeds from it would always be applied to the advancement of horse-breeding and improved accommodation for the public; but I am sceptical on these points. I think the Treasury might want a finger in the pie, so that the last state of racing would be worst than its first.

Satisfactory Results

CONSIDERING all the difficulties which inevitably followed the strict curtailment of racing during the War the past season on the flat was distinctly successful. True, there was nothing brilliant about the quality of the three-year-olds and older horses, but interest was well sustained to the end, and we can console ourselves with the reflection that the Turf has always had its periodical bad years. The two-year-olds at least are up to the average, and the two cracks would seem to be in one stable. I refer, of course, to Tetratema and Prince Galahad, who look the most likely classic winners next season. Lord Glanely, the leading owner, has had a great year, and Alec Taylor has upheld his reputation among the trainers. Donoghue again heads the jockeys, but Carslake has been the crack rider of the season. This week Steeplechasing will be in full swing, with meetings at Newbury, Kempton Park and elsewhere. The form is a bit uncertain at present, so I will content myself with suggesting that **Vanitie** may win the Kempton Park Hurdle Race on Friday and **Ardonagh** the Middlesex Steeplechase on the following day.

Photograph *W. A. Rouch*

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Brilliant sire of brilliant young stock. Thus early in his career he heads the winning stallions.

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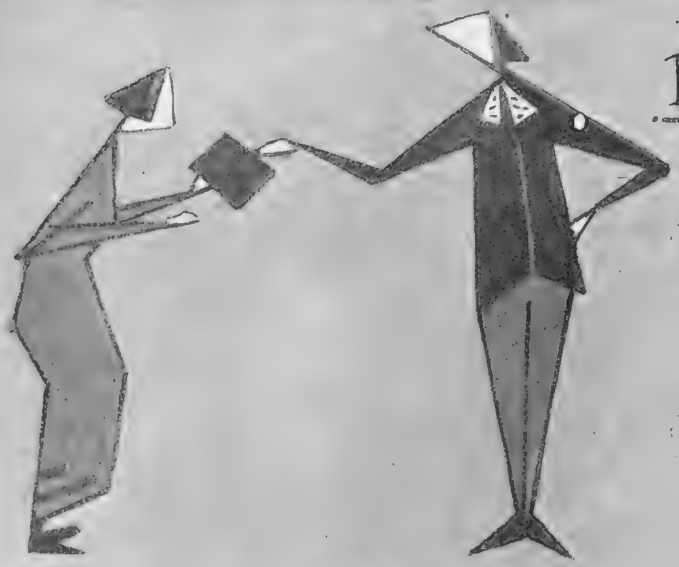
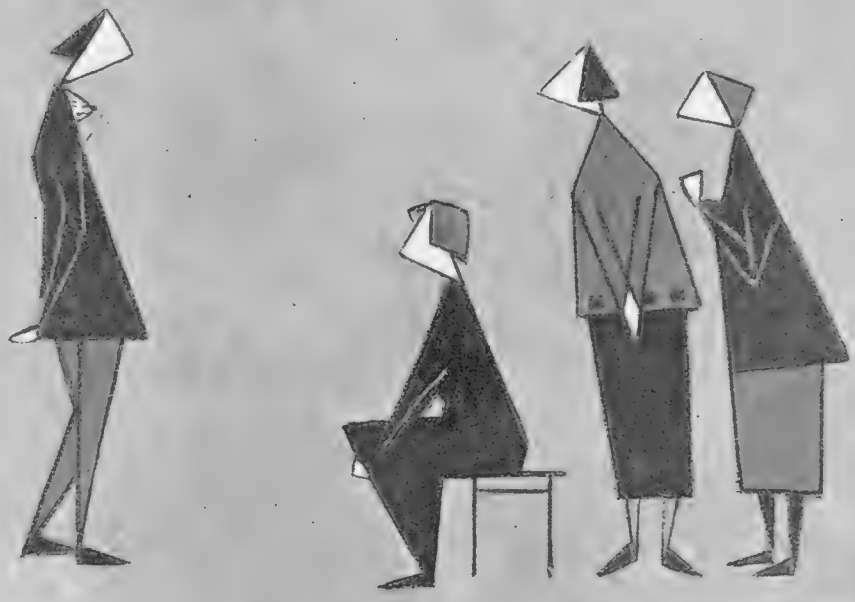
Oddities and Oddments: New Chelsea—II.

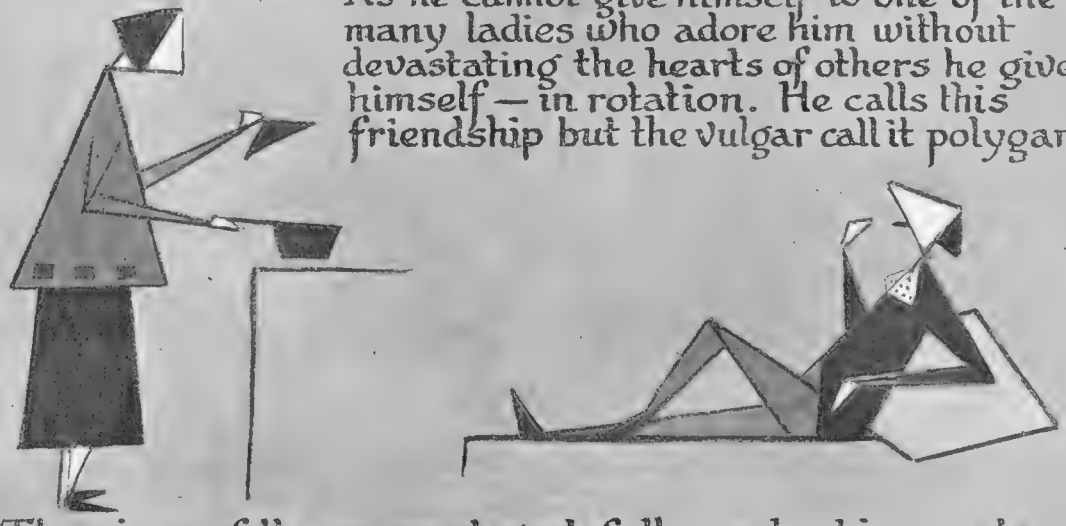


Nicholas the Poet

He writes exquisite fragments which he has beautifully bound and presents to his friends. No one has ever been known to buy a copy. This to him is the insignia of their greatness.



As he cannot give himself to one of the many ladies who adore him without devastating the hearts of others he gives himself — in rotation. He calls this friendship but the vulgar call it polygamy.



The siren of the moment gratefully cooks his meals.

BY LAURA WILDIG

Music of the Moment

"Music hath charm," and now the moody dull days are with us, it is a delight to be under its spell. The week-ends, long since sacred to country houses and big hotel, are being spent more in town, and "week-end music" is becoming quite as smart a phrase as "week-end party."

In London at present, music, "the friend of pleasure," is to be found everywhere. The great concert halls—packed! the smaller, more intimate houses, full when interesting music is to be heard. Covent Garden is brisk with novelty and old favourites. Puccini displaces Gounod in popular affection, and Parsifal again recedes the chins of the high-brows. There are the Russians at the Empire, where banality compromises with sweet concord in a precious primitive way: often, as in *Parade*, theirs is truly—

> ". . . music of the *spears*,
> For I'm curst if each note of it doesn't
> run through one!"

There is a hey-day of disorganisation in music, and it amounts to a part of that cultural revival which follows chaotically after all great upheavals, such as war: the world trying to realise itself—to find expression of what it feels and does not understand.

⁂ ⁂

We have Scott-Skinner, at almost four-score years, bringing his violin from the North and enthralling a London audience as he once did the publicans' guests with Scotch rants.

Jean Stirling Mackinlay is giving us folk-songs with an amateurish, honest audacity. Lamond, with slippery skill, brings a shrewd downright understanding alike to Scriabin and Beethoven. Mark Hambourg is still the village blacksmith, but loyal to his composers.

Audiences now look for the real thing rather than the tricks and physical acrobatics of the art, finding in singer and instrumentalist—

> Nameless graces which no
> method can teach,
> And which a master-hand alone
> can reach.

The English are getting more interested in music than in performers, and we are becoming less professional and more sincere. Felice Lyne, once over-boomed by Hammerstein, now appears modestly at a ballad concert, and her songs are appreciated without any flute obligato of florid advertisement. On a recent Sunday, Maggie Teyte dared to bring forward the complete orchestral version of Chausson's "Poème de l'Amour et de la Mer." It is not so long since that no soprano would have risked popularity by introducing like music to an Albert Hall audience.

⁂ ⁂

That particular week-end was a great one for "sopranos," for Melba was that same Sunday evening the guest of the Music Club at Princes' Galleries—and Tom Burke, being too tired, or too ungracious, to sing, though present and having been previously announced, and other gifted mortals being too tenacious of reputation to fill the breach, evidently because they had not been asked in advance, the Australian diva came to the rescue with two songs—superbly rendered.

⁂ ⁂

It has taken Dame Nellie a long time to achieve the utmost with her art; but this she has at length done, and personality and warmth are now a golden glow in her voice. At present she sings with human attraction, far discountenancing all her former icy perfection. Huberman played: his Bach, as Byron puts it—"an unhallow'd earthly sound of fiddling"; his Elgar, brilliant and cheery. Nor was Harold Samuels, with the piano, equal to Bach, but his dash at Couperin was sheer delight. He made one think of Couperin, not of Harold Samuels, and that is the new phase of our musical culture—we want the musician to give us *music*, not his doubtful and uncertain *self*.

MISS LAURA HAYWARD

Who is now playing the name-part in the George Edwardes' Company production, "Betty," on tour. Miss Hayward was for some time at Daly's Theatre and has also played in "The Happy Day" and "The Maid of the Mountains"

⁂ ⁂

Evidences of interest and good taste are to be noted at Covent Garden, where there is a demand for music rather than for proprietary articles in the way of over-trumpeted individualities. Priggishness is a more annoying attribute than caddishness. We for long have been among European nations the prigs of music, as the Prussians were cads toward the "sphere descended maid," but we are losing much of our conceit of wisdom in musical matters, and are becoming more appreciative of the real thing.

R. T. R. M.

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Photograph *Henri Manuel*

AT THE THÉÂTRE LYRIQUE, PARIS: MLLE. TIKANOVA, THE WELL-KNOWN DANSEUSE, AS "CLEOPATRA"

"First Impressions"

BY THE BYSTANDER BACK IN BERLIN

THE first impression reaped by the Berlin Bystander on returning after a five years' adventurous absence was that he was a Millionaire. He felt as if in his pocket was burning all the incalculable indemnity due by imprudent Prussia for her bad, mad deeds since 1914.

IT is all due to the, for the Pruss painful, for the alien palatable, fact that the tame British Bradbury, which started life worth a miserable twenty Reichsmarks, is now, thanks to an unexampled collapse in German exchange, worth a fat hundred and fifty. So at the price of a Bloomsburg boarding-hell, the Berlin Bystander lives like a Wall Street magnate; he buys ruby tiepins; he swaggers; out of the miserable thousand a year paid him by the parsimonious BYSTANDER he saves five hundred; he feels that he is the only man in the Universe, other than Army contractors, who has really got rich out of the miserable bluggy biz of War.

HIS possession of vast riches dawned on the Berlin Bystander the day of his arrival. He remembers paying 14 marks for a rickety four-mile taxi-ride, with three portmanteaux, a hat-box, and a red handkerchief full of bread. He took some time to realise that the 14 marks was a mere 2*s*. Next day was a revelation. For his first trip on the suburban *Untergrund* he paid 40 pfennigs instead of the 25 which he paid before the War; but the 25 was then thrippence; and the 40 pfennigs which he now pays cost him little over a ha'penny. He fled to his old barber in Bayerischer Platz, who looked at him as if he had never heard of the War, said imperturbably, "*Wollen Sie 'Lustige Blätter' lesen, Herr Robeensohn?*"; and, having cropped the Berlin Bystander's yellow locks, exacted the indemnity of one mark. The pre-war indemnity was 50 pfenning, which cost the B.B. saxpence; the post-war indemnity costs him about three halfpence. Next day the B.B. paid 11*s*. for a first-class ticket to Frankfurt-on-Main. Before the War, he paid 50*s*.

THE Berlin Bystander started housekeeping. He took a furnished flat from an ultra-Prussic Privy Councillor's widow, who said she loved England and adored English furniture; to prove it she produced an angular sofa, *in echtem Eichenholz mit Intarsien*, and two antimacassars. For six rooms, two bathrooms, one sofa, two antimacassars, and all the other chattels, she charged the B.B. 700 marks monthly. Before the War that was a respectable £35; to-day the B.B. pays a fiver for it. The B.B. next hired a broad-nosed cook and a practically-no-nosed *Stubenmaedchen*, who insisted on being addressed respectably as "Support" not as "Servant," at 70 marks a month each. Ten bob! And food. It's true; food is not plentiful in Prussland; but what there is—to foreigners—is a quarter British prices. For every fiver the B.B. spent on food before the War, he now spends two; in marks his gas and electric light cost him three times as much as in 1914; in pounds they cost him less than half as much.

AND manufactured goods. Everything turned out of

"FIRST IMPRESSIONS" (concluded)

a factory is from half to a fifth of British prices. Even clothes are cheaper; and silk and artificial silk cost a sixth of the London rates. The red-blue Faber pencil that cost you 25 pfennigs, which was 3*d.* in 1914, costs to-day 50 pfennigs, which is less than a penny. A Prussian-made typewriter ribbon costs you 7 marks; in Copenhagen a Swiss typewriter ribbon, which is no way better or worse, costs you 5 crowns, which is 35 marks.

But it's when you go on the spree that you feel most of all like a Wall Street magnate. German sparkling wines which cost the equivalent of 200–300 marks a bottle in Copenhagen or Stockholm, cost here in restaurants 25–40 marks, which is somewhere between 3*s.* and 5*s.* Your theatre stall, which formerly cost you 8 marks, which was 8*s.*, now costs you 17 marks, which is about 2*s.*; and if you are a *Sonntagsreiter* who wants to show off on (and fall off) a prancing steed in the Tiergarten, you can do that for a shilling an hour. Or you can sit in a first-class, brand-new picture theatre, with a revolving roof, and look at "Women Who Should Not Marry," or some other "Enlightenment Film" (that is the post-war Prussic cant term for plain pornography) for 3½*d.* In short, the (in England inadequate) thou' a year, which the B.B. manages to drag out of his measly Tallis Street exploiters, has swollen gloriously from its original pre-war twenty thousand marks to a cool hundred and fifty thousand; and as this is a fat 5 per cent. on 3,000,000 marks, the B.B. can honestly brag that he's a millionaire. . . .

"HINDENBURG LOSES HIS HEAD"

Our photograph shows the demolition of the gigantic wooden statue of Hindenburg in Berlin. It will be probably used as winter fuel

He won't brag. The matter's too serious. For, for every odd Briton who may live resplendently in Berlin in the next ten years, about a million Britons outside Germany will be groaning over the phenomenal exchange collapse which makes Prussia a more dangerous commercial competitor than she ever was. For every shilling the English manufacturer pays for his clerks, coal, wages, office expenses, travelling, advertising, the resurgent Pruss pays only tuppence. Or less. The myriad articles which the chortling Berlin Bystander is now able to lay in for next to nothing, will a year hence be flooding the discomforted world of Germany's competitors.

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Parlour-Tricks

HE: "I suppose it is difficult for you to realise that I can trace my ancestry back twenty-five generations?"

SHE: "Is that so———what else can you do?"

BY WARWICK LENDON

Sold!

"I say, Rigby,——you know that little run-about you sold me the other day?"
"Yes?"
"Well it won't!"

By Arthur Ferrier

Overheard on the 'Phone

First Speaker: "And, Maud, dear, I have bought George the dinkiest of all Christmas Gifts. You will never guess what it is."

Second Speaker: "Guess it at once, my dear, if it is really the dinkiest Christmas Gift. Something by the name of Gillette."

First Speaker: "How did you guess?"

Second Speaker: "Well, you see, I have bought Bob a Gillette, too."

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A New Literary Log Rolled by Ralph Straus

It is a big thing to say, but it seems to me that Constance Holme is one of the half-dozen most distinctive women-writers in Europe. Her canvas is invariably small—she will take some humble family of those mysterious Westmorland moors and show you their lives—but her art is big and alive, and she is never afraid of it, as some lesser writers so often are. Her books hold the mystery of that north-western corner where the tide is cruel and the mists carry magic, and not all the most modern inventions can banish luck and the old superstitions. This Westmorland with its tense dramas (all unexpected to us who live in silly towns, where you just murder your man with a knife and have done with it) should belong for all time to Constance Holme. She is a great artist, and her latest book, *The Splendid Fairing* (Mills and Boon: 6*s.* net), is a little masterpiece, terrible, subtle and delicate, stark tragedy if you like, but fine, *really* fine. And it is no more than one day in the lives of an unlucky old farmer and his wife.

THE BARONESS HÉLENÈ GINGOLD

Author of "Abelard and Heloise," "Songs of a Woman," "Visions of Mine Head" (written for the benefit of St. Dunstan's), and other works, who has recently been decorated by the King of Serbia with the Order of St. Saba for distinguished services

Simon Thornthwaite and Sarah, his wife, have always been unfortunate. Ill-luck lodges at Sandholes, their poor little farm. Their only boy, Geordie, has gone off to Canada with Jim, rich brother William's son, who, had he had his own way, would have had Simon and Sarah for parents. The farm will not pay, and Sarah, poor thing, is going blind. There is nothing for it but Simon to become his brother's hired man at Blindbeck, where Eliza Thornthwaite—almost the most horrible woman in all fiction—rules in her might. It is Martinmas Day, and the old couple drive into the market town to give due notice to the agent. Afterwards they have tea at Blindbeck, and there the forty-years-old battle between Eliza and Sarah rages with a fury which thrills you. (Perhaps the best piece of work that Miss Holme has yet done.) The taunts of the rich woman are too much: Sarah is goaded into a pretence that Geordie is about to return with "brass" in his pockets, enough to buy up all farms in the county. She is not believed, but on her return home a young man with "brass" has really returned, and then Miss Holme springs a dramatic surprise. It is appalling and—natural. It leaves you stunned for a moment. Yes, Constance Holme knows well enough how to write a good story. One day soon she will come very fully into her own.

When "littery gents" visit strange places, it is considered correct that their views and impressions should be put on permanent record in a book. It is a tradition which has its good points. You go to America, for instance, enjoy two hectic months, and write your book as a sort of thank-offering to your hosts. You tell them how preposterous they are, or how preposterous you are, and everybody seems pleased. Now just think of Mr. G. K. Chesterton going to Ireland. He went, in point of historical fact, during war-time, keen to see what could be done with regard to Irish recruiting. And his book, *Irish Impressions* (Collins: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), bubbles over with the sorts of paradoxical, crusading sincerity which you naturally associate with so doughty a warrior.

Oddly enough, there is quite a great deal about Ireland in the book, an Ireland that is wayward and poetic and fine and mistaken. There is much, too, about England that is also wayward and fine and mistaken, though by no means poetic. Our greatest mistake, in Mr. Chesterton's view, is that we have painted ourselves so much blacker than we are. He discovered the importance of "family" in Ireland. (You must choose your name carefully or you may get into trouble very quickly.) He reached Belfast and was able to find its devotion to Cobden. In fact he found many things about which you will be delighted to read. But whether his impressions will help anyone to solve the great problem I don't know. That, however, hardly matters to the literary critic who loves his Chesterton as he loves his roast beef. Here is a book which is charming and occasionally biassed—at just those moments where the author is priding himself on his fairness of outlook—and full of serious matters treated in exactly the way best suited to serious matters and jolly. And it helps on that wonderful autobiography of G.K.C. himself. (I love to read of such things as that misadventure of his at Wolverhampton, where he fell down on the platform because the train

A NEW LITERARY LOG (concluded)

hadn't stopped, " to the permanent damage of that fine structure.") I look forward to the author's first visit to Russia. He simply must go there.

And then there are the playful impressions of that amiable airman, Maurice Baring—*Around the World in Any Number of Days* (Chatto and Windus : 6*s.* net). Before the War Mr. Baring made the modern equivalent of the grand tour. He went to Australia and New Zealand, and crossed the Pacific and discovered America in the usual way, and naturally wrote an account of his adventures for an American paper. Afterwards this account was built up into a book. But some of the notes were lost in Russia when War came, and so the complete book will never see the light. What remains, however, is very good fun. Mr. Baring just lets himself go. His fancies are puckish. He tells you exactly the useless and ornamental and ungeographical things you most want to know. He cheers you up with quips and queer jests, and sometimes pretends to be serious. But that doesn't matter, because Mr. Baring is one of those people who can be trusted to write well about anything he likes.

"The Bystander Annual,"
1919

Is the soul of Christmas smartness—clothed in the raiment of colour and wit.

It's the mistletoe of Christmas Journalism.

It's all wit, raillery, hugs, delight and berries.

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The modern idea is to be as cosmopolitan as you can. Miss R. Allatini is a young writer who likes to be very modern indeed, and in her new book, *Requiem* (Secker : 7*s.* net), I imagine that every European country is represented. It is an interesting sketch, but too overcrowded with people. Her hero bears the name of Louis MacTavish, but that is only a sort of stepmotherly assumption. He has all sorts of blood in him but none Scottish. He is a handsome young man looking for Life. (You know of course, how they do it in modern novels.) Four or five ladies are there to assist him. There is dear nice Anne, who thrills when she touches the fringe of Bohemia. There is the model Cécile, who changes her lover fairly often, even for a model. There is Esther Moses, who would have made him an admirable wife had he not been tacitly expected to coalesce with the entire family. And there is the cold, intellectual Olivia, who writes books, and shrinks from " Life " even with Louis. But the War kills him off and so solves all his problems. There are some very clever vignettes of Jewish and theatrical life, and quaint folk step on and off. The result is confused but engaging.

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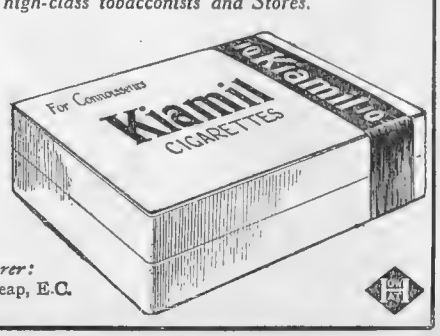

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Motoring & Aviation

SOME people have faith in their own productions, I mean real faith, not the Olympia salesman's sort, who simply has faith—while his job lasts. The Yanks seem full of it, as I see that the Curtiss Aeroplane and Motor Corporation have taken over from the U.S.A. Government 2,000 of their Curtiss J.N. model, whether they had been used much or little or not at all. And these they had not built all themselves, though they had been constructed to Curtiss specifications. These are being overhauled and made "as good as" new, and as 95 per cent. of all the American and Canadian pilots were trained on these, I expect they are banking that some of them will become private owners of this type. The latest catalogue of this firm states they are making two models, a three-passenger sporting model "Oriole," fitted with either the Curtiss "OX" eight-cylinder vee motor of 90 h.p., or the K.6 engine of six cylinders, cast *en bloc*, of 150 h.p., and a similar three-passenger flying-boat "Seagull," with the K. 6 engine. And they are sending these catalogues to this country.

* * *

NOW, I have been having my meals quite regularly this week, so do not think that my state of health makes me grumpy. But I ask you, with tears in my eyes, how is it that this firm should send me from the U.S.A. a catalogue of their wares in the flying way, and, beyond an old Bristol catalogue, I have not received a single notification of prices or descriptions of what machines they were marketing from a single British aeroplane-making firm? I know it is sent for me to give it publicity, but it is news to know what they are doing, and it is about time that our British makers begin to get general ideas of advertising themselves beyond the one or two "technical" papers that, when the general public do buy them, cannot understand half the contents, as it is mostly "math" problems.

* * *

UNCLE SAM means to try and cut out the British flying-machine as he is attempting to do the British motor-car. The Curtiss Company are part of General Motors, Ltd., whose total output of all the various cars they manufacture in umpteen different factories total 1,000 per day. Just fancy that. I went round the Olympia Show recently with the King and Queen, and he was rather astonished when the Overland representative told him their output was 200 per day. What he would have said if he had asked Mr. F. S. Bennett, of the Cadillac (one of the General Motors' cars), the same question I don't know, but I can guess he would have had a word to say on the matter next time the Minister of Transport or the President of the Board of Trade saw him as to how the British industry was going to cope with its competitors. Not that some of our British firms are not getting busy in certain directions, as, for instance, the Ministry of Transport has authorised the Postmaster-General to contract with the Handley-Page Company for the aerial transport of letters and postal packets in Brazil, but it comes rather a blow to learn that Holland prefers German-made seaplanes to British ones, and that the chief contract for these has been given to the Boche for the Hausa-Brandeburg biplane type of seaplane.

A GRUESOME WARNING

Erected, on account of recent accidents, by Alderman C. P. Markham, a well-known colliery owner at Tapton, on the outskirts of Chesterfield, and intended to warn motorists and cyclists against the combined dangers of a precipice (terminating in a canal), a steep gradient, and a sharp curve. A death's head similar to this one has been put up at each approach

* * *

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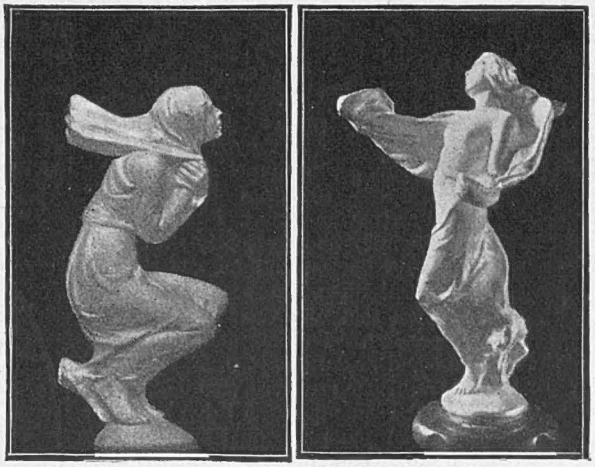

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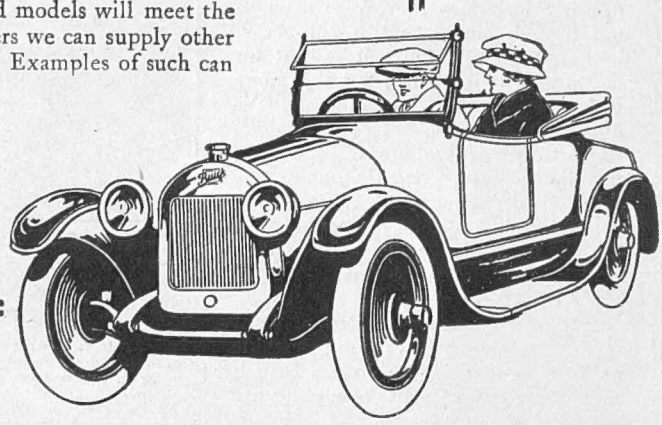
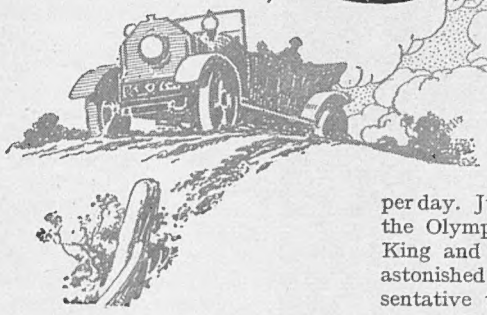


Motoring & Aviation



SOME people have faith in their own productions, I mean real faith, not the Olympia salesman's sort, who simply has faith—while his job lasts. The Yanks seem full of it, as I see that the Curtiss Aeroplane and Motor Corporation have taken over from the U.S.A. Government 2,000 of their Curtiss J.N. model, whether they had been used much or little or not at all. And these they had not built all themselves, though they had been constructed to Curtiss specifications. These are being overhauled and made "as good as" new, and as 95 per cent. of all the American and Canadian pilots were trained on these, I expect they are banking that some of them will become private owners of this type. The latest catalogue of this firm states they are making two models, a three-passenger sporting model "Oriole," fitted with either the Curtiss "OX" eight-cylinder vee motor of 90 h.p., or the K.6 engine of six cylinders, cast *en bloc*, of 150 h.p., and a similar three-passenger flying-boat "Seagull," with the K. 6 engine. And they are sending these catalogues to this country.

* * *

NOW, I have been having my meals quite regularly this week, so do not think that my state of health makes me grumpy. But I ask you, with tears in my eyes, how is it that this firm should send me from the U.S.A. a catalogue of their wares in the flying way, and, beyond an old Bristol catalogue, I have not received a single notification of prices or descriptions of what machines they were marketing from a single British aeroplane-making firm? I know it is sent for me to give it publicity, but it is news to know what they are doing, and it is about time that our British makers begin to get general ideas of advertising themselves beyond the one or two "technical" papers that, when the general public do buy them, cannot understand half the contents, as it is mostly "math" problems.

* * *

UNCLE SAM means to try and cut out the British flying-machine as he is attempting to do the British motor-car. The Curtiss Company are part of General Motors, Ltd., whose total output of all the various cars they manufacture in umpteen different factories total 1,000 per day. Just fancy that. I went round the Olympia Show recently with the King and Queen, and he was rather astonished when the Overland representative told him their output was 200 per day. What he would have said if he had asked Mr. F. S. Bennett, of the Cadillac (one of the General Motors' cars), the same question I don't know, but I can guess he would have had a word to say on the matter next time the Minister of Transport or the President of the Board of Trade saw him as to how the British industry was going to cope with its competitors. Not that some of our British firms are not getting busy in certain directions, as, for instance, the Ministry of Transport has authorised the Postmaster-General to contract with the Handley-Page Company for the aerial transport of letters and postal packets in Brazil, but it comes rather a blow to learn that Holland prefers German-made seaplanes to British ones, and that the chief contract for these has been given to the Boche for the Hausa-Brandeburg biplane type of seaplane.

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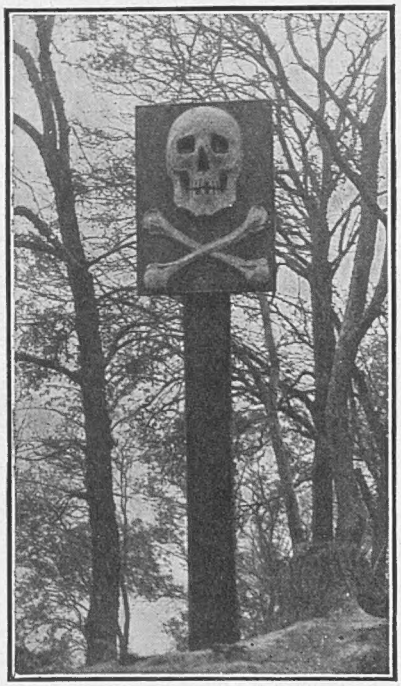

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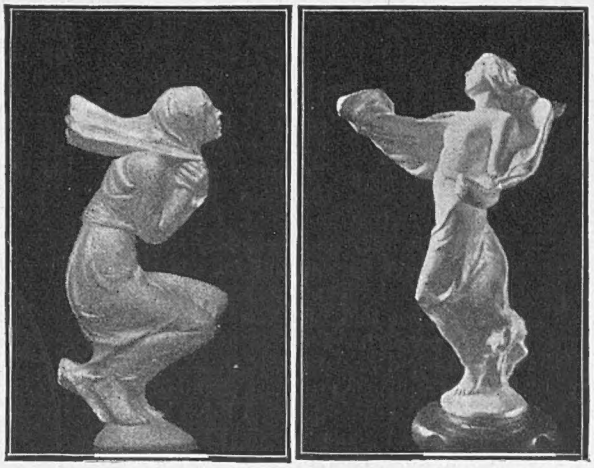

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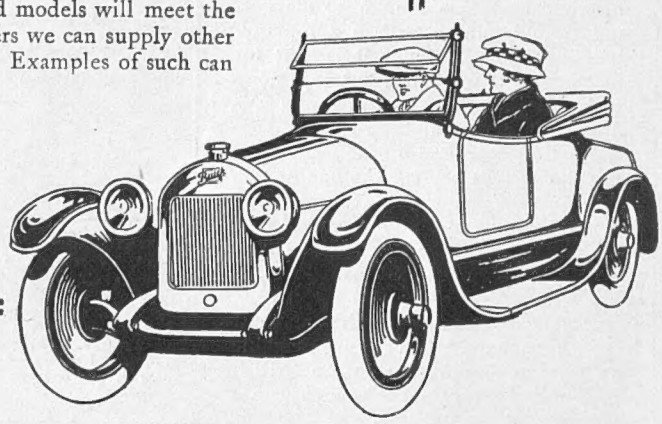

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